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THE

WESLEYAN MINSTREL;

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR THE USE OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BY REV. WM. McDONALD,
OF THE MAINE CONFERENCE.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. — PSALMIST.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES D. STRONG,
NO. 1 CORNHILL.
1850.

1861. Aug. 2
Cesady

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the yea
STRONG AND BRODHEAD,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massa

PREFACE.

THE reason which the compiler assigns for pres little volume to the public, is, that, in his opinion, s is needed — a work adapted to the use of Sunday Scl country is flooded with works professedly adapted t but, as a general thing, they are either made up of li scarcely fit for an *infant class* to sing, or with somet has no more connection with Sunday Schools than *of God with idols.*"

The design, at the commencement, was, to prepare the use of Sunday Schools exclusively; but after m consideration, it was thought best to adapt it *equal Worship*, and hence carry out the old adage, to "*ki with one stone.*" To each tune (with few exceptio hymns; one adapted to Sunday Schools, the othe Worship.

We would here take occasion to express our favors received from L. Mason, the publishers of t Gems, Rev. A. D. Merrill, and especially to the auth lishers of the American Vocalist. Some of the be this collection are from the last-mentioned work.

May the *old* and young, who sing from these page song of Moses and the Lamb, in heaven, forever.

W. McD

JULY 22, 1849.

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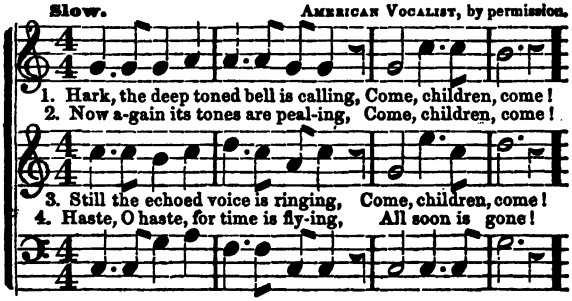
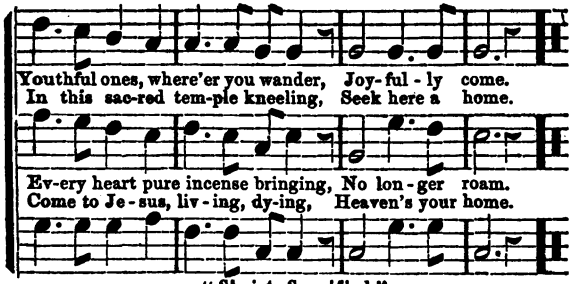
Sabbath Bell. 8 & 4.

Slow. AMERICAN VOCALIST, by permission.



1. Hark, the deep toned bell is calling, Come, children, come!
2. Now a-gain its tones are peal-ing, Come, children, come!
3. Still the echoed voice is ringing, Come, children, come!
4. Haste, O haste, for time is fly-ing, All soon is gone!



Youthful ones, where'er you wander, Joy-ful-ly come.
In this sac-red tem-ple kneeling, Seek here a home.

Ev-ery heart pure incense bringing, No lon-ger roam.
Come to Je-sus, liv-ing, dy-ing, Heaven's your home.

"Christ Crucified."

1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time ago;
   And salvation's rolling fountain Now freely flows.
2. Once his voice, in tones of pity, Melted in woe,
   And he wept o'er Judah's city, Long time ago.
3. On his head the dews of midnight, Fell long ago;
   Now a crown of dazzling sunlight Sits on his brow.
4. Jesus died, yet lives in heaven, No more to die;
   Bleeding Jesus, blessed Savior, Now reigns on high.
5. Now in heaven he's interceding For dying man,
   Soon he'll finish all his pleading, And come again.
6. *When he comes*, a voice from heaven Shall pierce the tomb
   "*Come*, ye blessed of my Father, Children, come home."

Carvosso. C. M.

Arranged for this work.

1. Shall Beth-le-hem for-get her night, Nor wait the
Shall shepherds, led by an-gel light, Go seek the

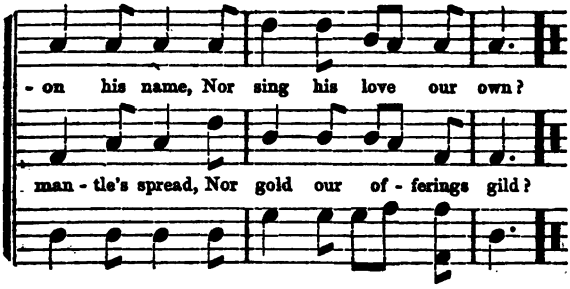
2. Shalt thou, be-lov'd Je-ru-sa-lem, Where stood his
Be filled, as with se-raph-ic flame, When children

ling'ring dawn? } And we for whom the Just One came,
Ho-ly One? }

house of prayer, } And shall not we, his courts who tread,
choirs are there? }

For whom he left yon throne, Shall we not dwell up-

The child's ho-san-na yield, Though on his path no



2. No, Jesus, no! We'll not withhold
The praise that wakes the earth;
Had we ten thousand harps of gold,
We'd chant the Savior's birth.
Thou art our Shepherd — we thy lambs —
Thy fold the plains of heaven,
And here and there, to Jesus's name,
Our endless praise be given.

For Social Worship.

1. O yes, I'll join the praying band,
My heart's already there,
And travel with them to that land,
Forever bright and fair.
I'm tired of sin and sinful mirth,
And senseless, frantic joys;
How empty all the joys of earth!
At best, but gaudy toys.

2. I'll join the band whose hearts are one,
In grief, and joy, and love;
Whose hopes mount up and seize the throne
Reserved for them above.
O yes, I'll join that union band,
I come, my friends, I come;
Here is my willing heart and hand,
To seek a heavenly home.

3. I'd rather by your threshold stay,
A porter at your door,
Than live in mansions great and gay,
And be as heretofore.
One day in such a place is worth
A thousand other days;
'Tis here I date my second birth,
My soul's own native place.

4. 'Tis here my better friends I meet —
Friends of my heart and soul;
With them in heavenly places sit,
With them my name enroll.
There, in thy register of love,
Forever let it stand,
Until transcribed to that above,
With Christ's own wounded hand.

Mansfield. C. M.

Slow.

1. The ver - nal flowers their beau-ties spr

2. Em - blem of beauteous childhood's bl

- light - ful to the eye; But quick-ly all

- blem of its de - cay; Swift - ly they lea

hues are fled— They with - er, droop, and

for the tomb; With - er, and pass a -

3. Why should we mourn these fading flowers,
From this low vale removed,
To bloom afresh in angel's bowers,
By them and Christ beloved?

4. Thus severed from their parent stem,
Our babes go on before;
That our fond hopes may follow them,
To that immortal shore.

5. There they and we, (when Christ appears,)
All washed from sin's foul stain,
Shall flourish through eternal years,
Nor die, nor weep again.

For Social Worship.

1. Alas, and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Fisk. 11's & 8's.

Poetry by Rev. F. A. Crap

1. God reign-eth in glory, yet dwells with a child, W

2. The sun, at his word, rolls in light thro' the sky,

prayer he de-light-eth to hear; Tho' heav-en with be-ings im-

moon he sends forth for the night, While stars without number are

-mor-tal is filled, He makes e'en the spar-row his care.

twinkling on high, But man is his great-er de-light.

3. To save us when fallen, he gave his dear Son,
For sinners to suffer and die;
Though songsters angelic surround his bright throne,
He hears when for mercy we cry.

4. When all the bright orbs from the sky shall be hurled,
And Time in his dotage expire,
With the pure may we dwell, in the heavenly world,
Forever God's love to admire.

For Social Worship.

1. O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom, in affliction, I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2. O why should I wander, an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread;
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

3. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where, with his flock, has he gone?

4. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet;
The air is perfumed with his breath.

5. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace,
From which, their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

6. He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Reëchoes the praise of the Lord.

Death-Bed Reflections.

Moderato. *Arranged for this work.*

1. Hearken, ye sprightly, and attend, ye vain ones; Pause

2. Healthful and gay, like you I spent my moments; Bold-

in your mirth, ad-ver-si-ty con-sid-er; Learn from a

-ly my heart said, Joys shall last for-ev-er, But I'd for-

friend's pen, sen-ti-men-tal, pain-ful Death-bed re-flec-tions.

-got-ten man had no en-joy-ment But by per-mis-sion.

3. Ah, many years I lived without considering
Man was a mortal, dependent on a moment;
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

4. Oft I have listened, while death bells were tolling,
Seen the graves opening, and spectators mourning,
But was, myself, in spite of all these warnings,
Long life expecting.

5. Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've neglected;
In my gay moments thoughts of death I banished;
When grown grey-headed, I have oft resolved
Death to prepare for.

6. O ghastly Death, pray stop a single moment,
While I give warning to my gay companions;—
No time is granted for expostulation—
Shun my example.

The Voice of Warning.

1. Ah, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,
What shall thy doom be, when, arrayed in terror,
God shall command thee, covered with pollution,
Up to the judgment?

2. Stop, thoughtless sinner! stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.

3. Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him;
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.

4. But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world, and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment
Leave you forever.

5. O, guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Savior, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment.

Hamline. 11's.

Arranged for this work.

1. How sweet is the Sab-bath, the morn-ing of rest,

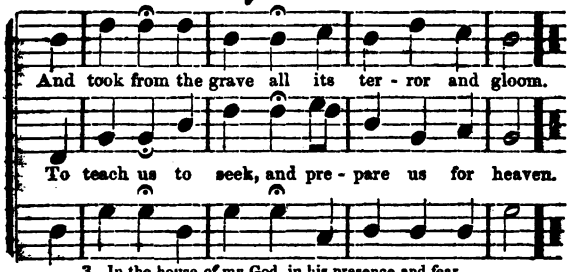
2. Then let us be prayerful and thoughtful to-day,

The day of the week which I ought to love best;

Nor care-less-ly tri-fle this sea-son a-way;

The morn-ing my Sa-vior a-rose from the tomb,

Re-mem-b'ring that Sab-baths were gra-cious-ly given,



3. In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

Sabbath School.

Scholars. 1. Our Father in heaven, though feeble our lays,
We raise them with grateful emotions of praise;
For patrons and teachers to guide us above,
Reward them in heaven for their labors of love.

Teachers. 2. Our Father in heaven, thy blessing we crave,
On all our endeavors these children to save;
O make us more faithful, more prayerful, more wise,
To win them to Jesus, who dwells in the skies.

All. 3. With voices united, thy mercies we sing,
Proclaiming, All glory to Jesus our King;
And when life is ended, receive us in love,
To sing hallelujahs with angels above.

For Social Worship.

1. O Jesus, my Savior, to thee I submit;
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh, and blood;
Thou art my Redeemer who brought me to God.
2. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my love;
I love thee, my Savior, I love thee, my dove;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee, I never can show.
3. I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
4. O Jesus, my Savior, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
5. O who's like my Savior? He's Salem's bright king;
He smiles, and he loves me, and he learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

Janes. P. M.

Arranged for this work.

1. The Sab-bath bells are ring-ing, The Sab-ba

2. O Je - sus, hear our prayer; Thro' grace ou

3. When Sabbath schools are ended, And we fro

winging, While we in school are singing The praises o

pare, That we may all de - clare The glo-ries o

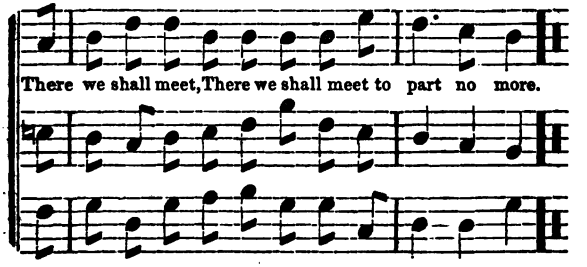
cended, O may our songs be blended With angels round

Chorus.

We will all meet in heav - en, We will all meet

Till we all meet in heav - en, Till we all meet

When we all meet in heav - en, When we all meet



For Social Worship.

1. The wondrous love of Jesus!
From doubts and fears it frees us;
With pitying eyes he sees us,
While travelling here below,
Till we all meet in heaven,
Till we all meet in heaven;
There we shall meet,
There we shall meet to part no more.

2. And there we shall forever
Drink of that flowing river,
And ever, ever, ever,
Surround the throne of love,
When we all meet in heaven, &c.

3. There in that blooming garden
Of Eden, gained by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We'll worship then the Lamb.
When we all meet in heaven, &c.

4. We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.
When we all meet in heaven, &c.

1. We bow before thy throne, Thou great and pardoning G

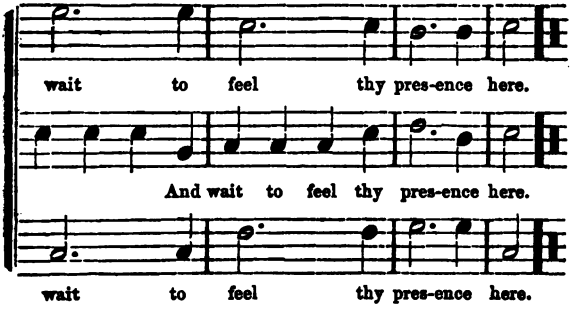
And sing thy love our own, Thro' Jesus' ho - ly blood;

Wi

With-in thy courts we now appear,

With-in thy courts we now appear, Within thy, &c.,

in thy courts we now appear, Within thy courts &c.,



2.

Though angel choirs on high
Their noblest anthems swell,
We would in praise draw nigh,
And on thy mercy dwell.
Infinite mercy! can it be,
That Christ the Lord has died
for me?

3.

Thou hast upheld us, Lord;
In love watched o'er our path;
Each day with mercy stored,
And held us back from death.
In Jesus' name, O, hear our
prayer,
Let us the heavenly image bear.

4.

When life shall pass away,
And time with us be o'er,
O, may we, in that day,
Thy power and love adore;
And sing the song of Jesus'
love,
With all the ransomed choir
above.

For Social Worship.

1.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners,
home.

2.

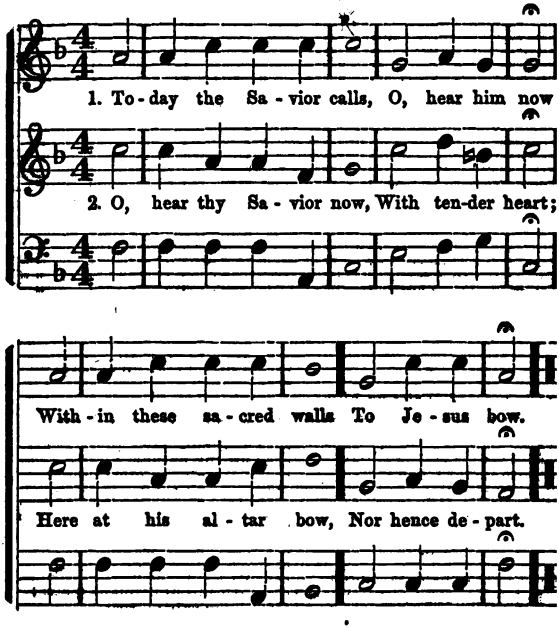
Jesus, our great high priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

3.

Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

4.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face.
The year of Jubilee is come, &c.



3.

Cast now thy youthful soul
  Upon his grace,
And seek within his fold
  A hiding-place.

4.

Then, when life's storms are past,
  Earth's moorings riven,
You'll find in him at last
  An endless heaven.

For Social Worship.

1. To-day the Savior calls!
   Ye wanderers, come;
   O ye benighted souls,
   Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Savior calls!
   O, hear him now;
   Within these sacred walls
   To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Savior calls!
   For refuge fly;
   The storm of vengeance falls;
   And death is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day!
   Yield to his power:
   O, grieve him not away,
   'Tis mercy's hour.

Closing of a Sabbath School.

1. When shall we meet again,
   Meet ne'er to part?
   When will Peace wreathe her chain
   Round every heart?

2. When shall love freely flow,
   Like life's pure stream?
   Where joys celestial glow,
   And Christ is seen?

3. In heaven we'll meet again,
   To part no more;
   And with our Savior reign,
   Where sin is o'er.

Hedding.

Arranged from the Sabbath School Advocate.

1. Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring-ing; Let us
haste with-out de-lay; Prayers of thou-sands
met for praise and prayer; But the hour is
now are wing-ing Up to heaven their si-lent way.

2. 'Tis an hour of hap-py meet-ing; We have
short and fleet-ing; Let us, then, be ear-ly there.

3. Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way,
Nor disturb the school reciting;
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

4. Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now are joined in singing;
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

For Social Worship.

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing.
Call for songs of loudest praise.

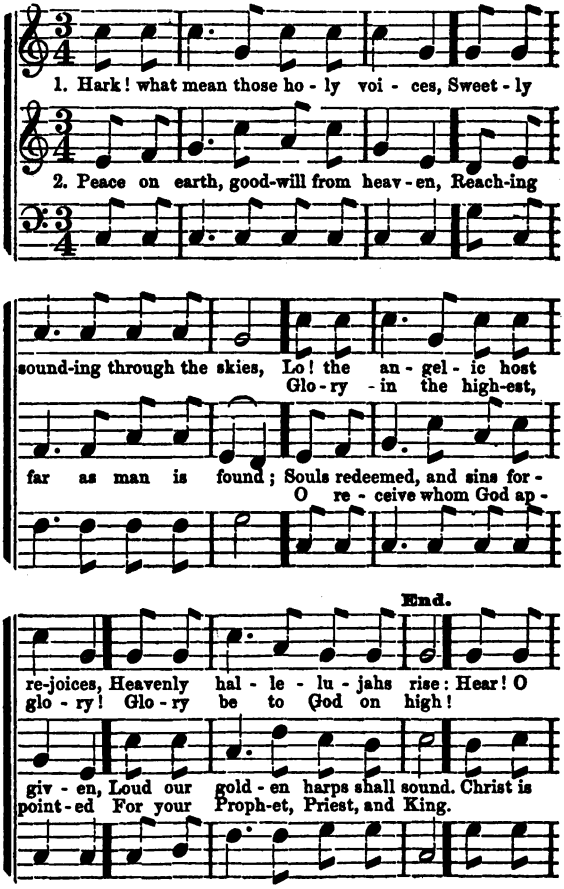
2. Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount — I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love.

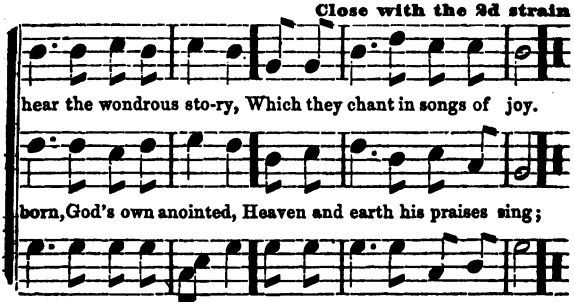
3. O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

4. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love —
Here's my heart — O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Incarnation. 8s & 7s.

From Musical Gems.





3. Hasten, children, to adore him;
   Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
   Glory be to God on high!
Children, learn the wondrous story
   Of your great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
   Till it covers all the earth.

For Sabbath School.

1. Father, in thy sacred dwelling,
   Now we lift the voice in prayer;
While our gentle hearts are swelling,
   Lend, O, lend a gracious ear!
View us on life's troubled waters,
   Rudely tossed by every tide;
Guide us, youthful sons and daughters,
   O'er the billows far and wide.

2. Should the distant shadows, rising,
   Veil in clouds our vernal sky,
May we, on thy arm reclining,
   Feel secure when danger's nigh.
Keep us, by thy spirit given,
   Till the voyage of life is past;
Safely to the port of heaven
   Bring our weary souls at last.

The Young Christian's Vow.

SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

1. Lord, we bend be - fore thee now, And with one u -

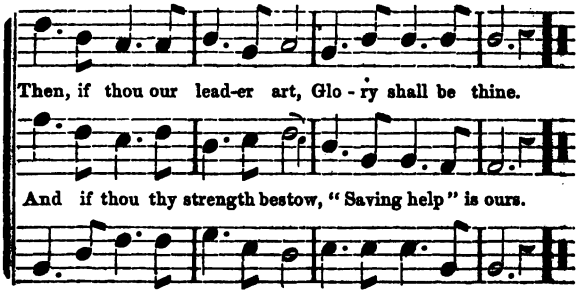
2. But can such a fee - ble band, Sa-tan's gathered

ni-ted vow, To thy sa-cred service now, All our lives resign;

hosts withstand, And resist with dauntless hand, All their mighty powers?

On - ly to each youthful heart, Courage, patience, hope impart,

Sa-vior, in thy name we go; Thou hast conquered every foe;



3.

Far above our mortal sight,
Round thy throne of shining light,
Happy spirits, clothed in white,
Strike their harps, and cry—
"Jesus triumphed when he rose,
Jesus conquered all our foes,
Now his faithful hand bestows
Palms of victory."

4.

Savior, if thy cross we bear,
May we hope thy joy to share,
And with ransomed hosts to wear
Crowns of light on high!
Hear us now, we humbly pray,
Take us in our early day,
Let us 'neath thy banner stay,
Faithful till we die.

For Social Worship.

1.

Rouse ye at the Savior's call!
Sinners, rouse ye, one and all;
Wake! or soon your souls will fall,
Fall in deep despair.
Woe to him who turns away:
Jesus kindly calls to-day;
Come, O sinner, while you may,
Raise your soul in prayer.

2.

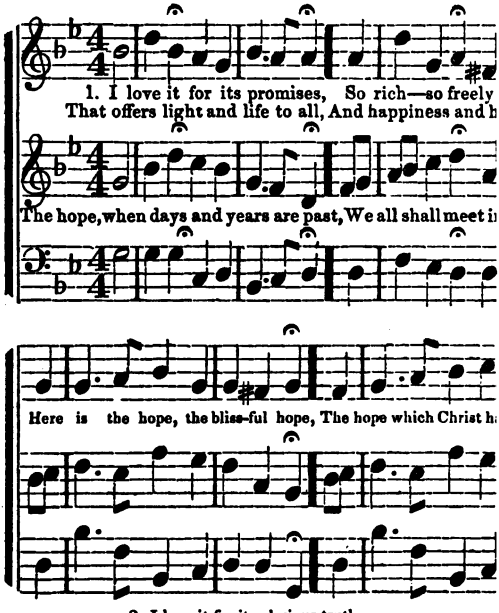
Heard ye not the Savior cry?
"Turn, O, turn! why will you die?"
And in keenest agony,
Mourn too late your doom!
Haste, for time is rushing on!
Soon the fleeting hour is gone;
The lifted arrow flies anon,
To sink you in the tomb.

3.

By the Savior's bleeding love,
By the joys of heaven above,
Let these words your spirits move;
Quick to Jesus fly!
Come and save your souls from death,
Haste! escape Jehovah's wrath,
Fly! for life's a fleeting breath,
Soon, O, soon you'll die.

Farrington. C. M. Rev. W F. Far

WHY DO YOU LOVE THE BIBLE?



2. I love it for its glorious truths,
   On every page displayed;
   That doubting sinners here may learn
   What God himself has said.
   Herein we have the blissful hope, &c.

3. I love it for the love revealed
   By God to sinful man;
   I love it for the promise sealed,
   Redemption's finished plan.
   Through this we have the blissful hope, &c.

4. I love it for the hope it gives,—
   Bright hope that soars on high;
   And feasts my ravished soul on joys
   That never, never die.
   This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

From "American Vocalist," by permi

For Social Worship.

1. Hail! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
   Our glowing hearts in one;
   Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
   In harmony divine.
   This is the hope, the blissful hope
   Which Jesus' grace has given,
   The hope, when days and years are past,
   We all shall meet in heaven.

2. What though the northern wintry blast
   Shall howl around our cot:
   What though beneath an eastern sun
   Be cast our earthly lot:
   Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.

3. No lingering look, no parting sigh,
   Our future meetings know:
   There friendship beams from every eye,
   And hope immortal grow.
   This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

Hope of Heaven.

1. O, what has Jesus bought for me!
   Before my ravished eyes,
   Rivers of life divine, I see,
   And trees of paradise.
   This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

2. I see a world of spirits bright,
   Who taste the glories there;
   They all are robed in spotless white,
   And conquering palms they bear.
   This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

3. O, what are all my sufferings here,
   If, Lord, thou count me meet
   With that enraptured host t' appear,
   And worship at his feet!
   This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

4. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
   Take life or friends away:
   But let me find them all again,
   In that eternal day.
   This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

George. L. M.

Energico. W. McD.

1. A Light, our dark-ened steps to guide, A

2. A Strength, to stay the faint - ing soul, A

Ref-uge, where from storms we hide; A Hope, to cheer us

Balm, to make the sin - sick whole; A Song, to cheer in

midst our gloom, A Por - tion, for the world to come.

death's dark vale, Vic - tor, when earth and na - ture fail.

3. All this, and more, will Jesus be
To every soul that bends the knee,
That bears the cross, that runs the road,
In truth and love that leads to God.

4. Then bear the cross in morning's dawn;
'Twill cheer thy soul when morning's gone;
Bear thou that cross in sorrow here,
Pledge of a crown in glory there.

A Dying Savior.

1. Stretched on the cross, the Savior dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise:
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred, crimson tide.

2. But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

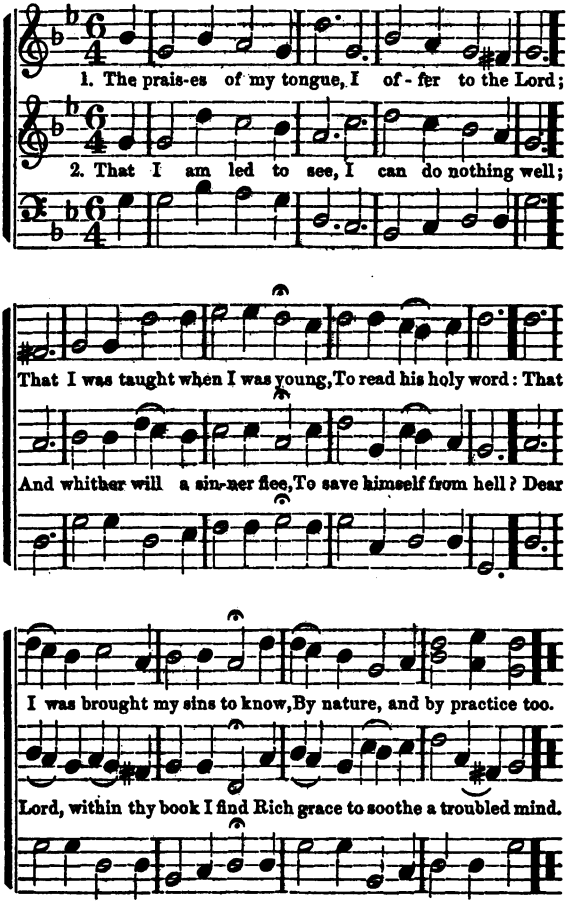
3. Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingled grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain
Insensible to love or pain?

For Social Worship.

1. Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

2. Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away thy falling tears;
'Tis God, who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

3. Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy last, lamented rest;
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn
To clasp the wanderer to his breast.


1. The prais-es of my tongue, I of - fer to the Lord;
2. That I am led to see, I can do nothing well;
That I was taught when I was young, To read his holy word: That
And whither will a sin-ner flee, To save himself from hell? Dear
I was brought my sins to know, By nature, and by practice too.
Lord, within thy book I find Rich grace to soothe a troubled mind.

3. Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.
And now he reigns in heaven above,
To show the wonders of his love.

4. O, may his spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe:
Then shall I praise the Christian's Lord,
That I was taught to read his word.

For Social Worship.

1. Haste! haste! the clouds arise;
Stay not in danger's path;
They gather up the frowning skies
Like messengers of wrath.
Behold the ark of safety near;
Be warned of God, be moved by fear.

2. That ark will bear thee up,
O'er sin and danger's sea,
And land at last, on Zion's top,
Where dangers cease to be.
Come in, bewildered soul, come in;
Be safe from fear, and cease to sin.

3. Safe, safe within the ark,
Our weary souls we rest,
And ride o'er oceans deep and dark,
Of joyful hope possessed;
We grasp at that within the veil;
Our anchor there can never fail.

4. We quit the land of night,
Of error, sin, and woe;
And seek the climes of peace and light,
Where joys unceasing flow.
Thrice happy land! O, were we there,
Our home with spirits blest to share!

5. Let clouds and tempests come,
Let waves upheaving rise,
The storms shall bear us nearer home,
Shall waft us to the skies.
A few more days of peril past,
And heaven will be our home at last.

Bridgewater. L. M.

Eden.

1. As - sem - bled in our school once more, O Lord, thy

1. As - sem bled in our school once more, O Lord, thy

bless - ing we im - plore;

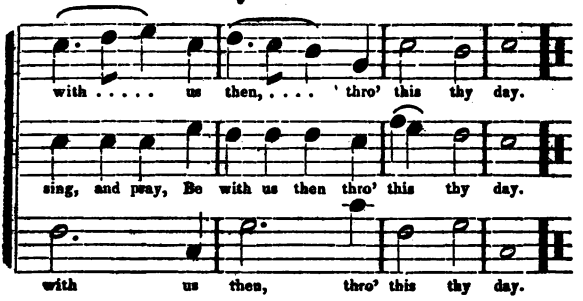
bless - ing we im - plore; We meet to

We meet to read, and sing, and

We meet to read, and sing, and pray, Be

read, and sing, and pray, We meet to read, and

pray, We meet to read, and sing, and pray, Be



2. Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3. When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

For Social Worship.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bounds;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3. O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Resurrection.

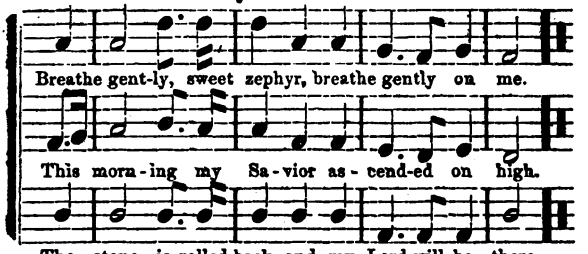
I. B. Woodbury.

From "Musical Gems," by permission.

1. This morn-ing most sweetly the gales are all blow-ing, Di - rect - ly the breeze is from Mount Calva - ry; The sep - ulchre's o - pen, the o - dors are flow-ing,

2. On this love - ly morning the Sa - vior was ris - ing, The chains of mor - tal - i - ty ful - ly de - spised; His sufferings are o - ver, he's done ag - o - niz - ing,

3. And now to the place that's ap-point - ed for learning To wor - ship the Lord, I will quickly re - - pair; In ser-vice so pleasing there needs no de - lay - ing,



3. Rouse quickly, dear children; shake off your dull slumbers,
The love of thy Savior, with angels declare;
For Jesus is pleased, when recounting his members,
To find you, like Mary, thus early at prayer.

On the death of Rev. M. B. Cox, Missionary to Liberia.

1. O weep, Salem, weep! While the ocean-wave heaving,
Comes freighted with mourning from Africa's shore;
The parents and children their hamlets are leaving,
To weep that the white man who loved them's no more.
2. From the home of his youth — from the land which he loved,
To the place of the stranger he fearlessly sped;
By the pure love of heaven his bosom was moved,
And his mission bore life to the dark and the dead.
3. His voice in thy temple, LIBERIA, resounded,
When his heart burned to publish the year of release,
To gather the tribes round the cross of his Savior,
And bid them rejoice in the tidings of peace.
4. Where the palm-leaf is fanned by the soft passing breezes,
Where the stream gently washes its gold-covered bed,
He wept o'er the Negro, of all, *most oppressed*,
And heaven hath numbered the tears that the shed.
5. He comes not to us with the faith-stirring story,
To tell of thy white fields for harvest prepared;
But, dropping the mantle, he rises to glory,
To tell of thy groanings, where groanings are heard.
6. Though his frame is far hence, 'yond the dark rolling billow,
Where the tread of the white man but seldom shall come;
Though his head rests in silence on death's icy pillow,
Yet Afric shall dwell on his memory long.
7. We will weep — we will weep — tho' we know that his spirit
Hath entered that world where the martyrs have gone,
To share in the glory which martyrs inherit,
Where, honored of Jesus, they dwell near his throne.

Concord. S. M.

HOLDEN.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast, Wel-

Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast, ... Wel -

- come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these rejoic-ing eyes.

- come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these rejoic-ing eyes.

2. Jesus himself comes near,
To bless the youth, to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a place as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

For Social Worship.

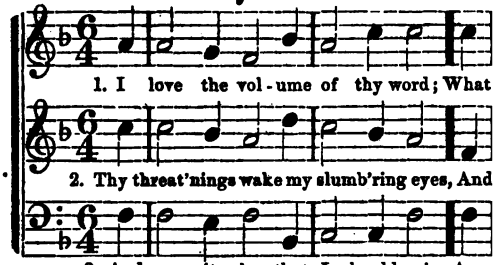
1. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly hill
Or walk the golden streets.

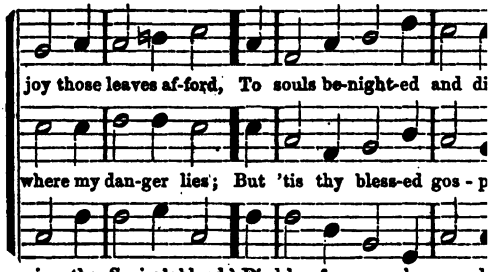
2. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

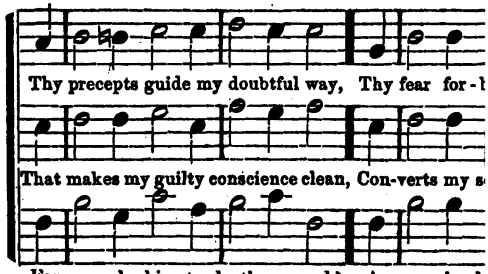
3. Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

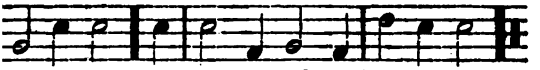
4. There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.


1. I love the vol-ume of thy word; What
2. Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes, And
3. And can it be, that I should gain An

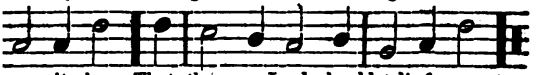

joy those leaves af-ford, To souls be-night-ed and di
where my dan-ger lies; But 'tis thy bless-ed gos-p
in the Savior's blood? Died he for me, who caused


Thy precepts guide my doubtful way, Thy fear for-
That makes my guilty conscience clean, Con-verts my
For me, who him to death pursued? A-maz-ing



feet to stray, Thy prom-ise leads my heart to rest.

dues my sin, And gives a free but large re-ward.



can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me.

4. 'Tis mystery all: The Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

For Social Worship.

1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure:
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3. The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4. I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Lischer. H. M.

L. Mason, by permission.

1. Welcome, delightful morn! Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest;

2. Now may the king descend, And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend, While saints address thy face;

From low delights and mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im -

Let children feel thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and

mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

For Social Worship.

1. Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

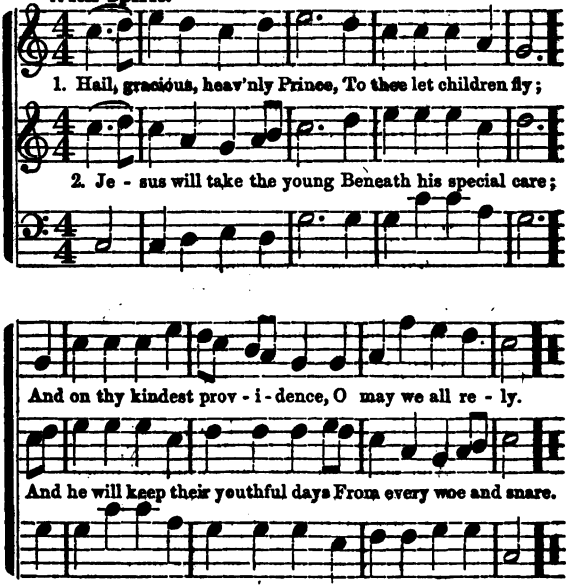
2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4. The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5. My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

With Spirit.



3. He knows their tender frame,
Nor will their youth contemn;
For he a little child became,
To love and pity them.

4. Nor does he now forget
His youthful days on earth;
Nor should we ever cease our praise,
For the Redeemer's birth.

For Social Worship.

1. My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing,
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - - tion,

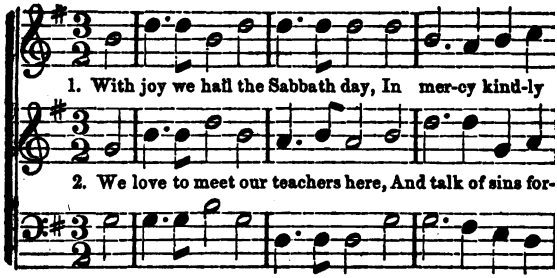
Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each thy
O re - fresh us,

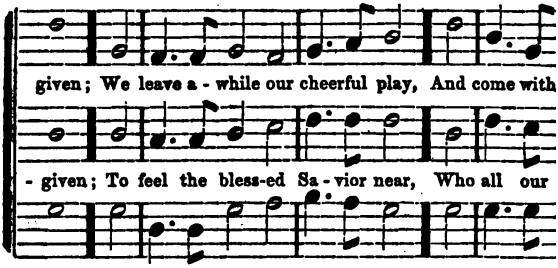
For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound; May the fruits of
May thy presence,

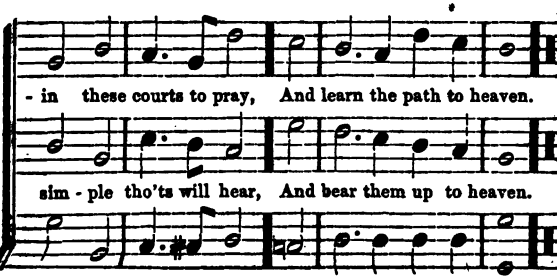
love pos - sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deeming grace.
O re - fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil-der-ness.

thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives abound.
may thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.

Woodland. C. M.


1. With joy we hail the Sabbath day, In mer-cy kind-ly
2. We love to meet our teachers here, And talk of sins for-


given; We leave a - while our cheerful play, And come with
- given; To feel the bless-ed Sa - vior near, Who all our


- in these courts to pray, And learn the path to heaven.
sim - ple tho'ts will hear, And bear them up to heaven.

3. Here, may we, Lord, forever share
A peaceful, quiet heaven;
Whene'er oppressed by worldly care,
We'll hasten to thy house of prayer,
And find the joy of heaven.

4. And then shall life's last feeble ray,
Be calm as summer's even;
While angels, hovering round, shall say,
"Ye weary wanderers, come away,
And be at rest, in heaven."

For Social Worship.

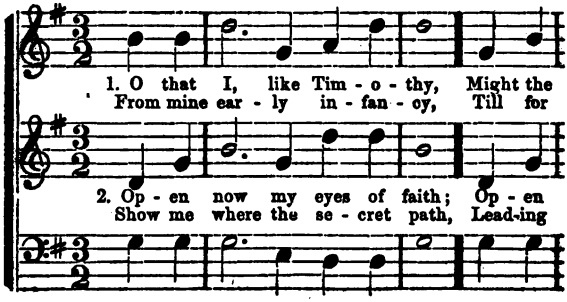
1. There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

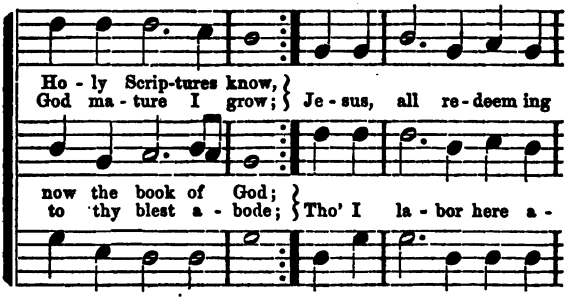
2. There is a soft, a downy bed,
As fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, in heaven.

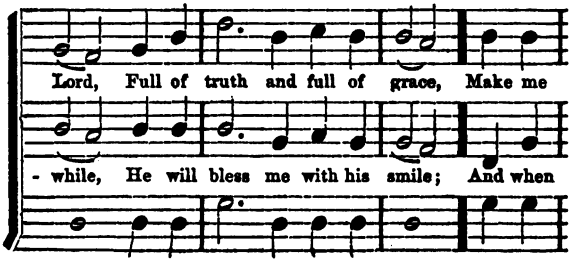
3. There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear, but heaven.

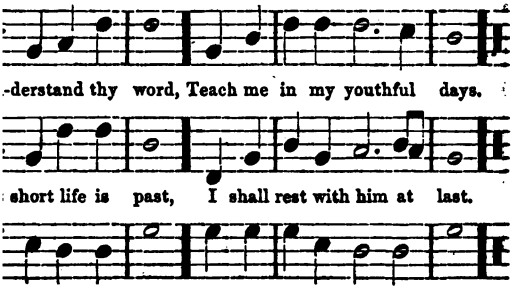
4. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene, in heaven.

5. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.


1. O that I, like Tim - o - thy, Might the
From mine ear - ly in - fan - cy, Till for
2. Op - en now my eyes of faith; Op - en
Show me where the se - cret path, Lead-ing


Ho - ly Scrip-tures know,
God ma - ture I grow; Je - sus, all re - deem ing
now the book of God;
to thy blest a - bode; Tho' I la - bor here a -


Lord, Full of truth and full of grace, Make me
- while, He will bless me with his smile; And when



For Social Worship.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
   Sons of men, and angels say,
   Raise your songs of triumph high;
   Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
   Love's redeeming work is done,
   Fought the fight, the battle won!
   Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er—
   Lo! he sets in blood no more.

2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
   Christ hath burst the gates of hell
   Death in vain forbids his rise,
   Christ hath opened paradise.
   Now shall wars and tumults cease,
   Now be banished grief and pain,
   Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
   Undisturbed shall ever reign.

Inquiry.

Arranged for this work.

1. Come, be - lov - ed teach-ers, tell us, Can a
Did the Sa - vior die for children? May we

2. Tell us, are our souls im - mor - tal? Shall we
On e - ter - ni - ty's dark o - cean, Can we

Will our praying, weep-ing, knock-ing, Ev - er
Teachers, we be - seech you, tell us, Who can

ho - ly God for - give?
look to him and live? } Is his scep - tre still ex -

live be - yond the grave?
find an arm to save? } When the day of judg-ment

ope the gate of heaven?
save us, in that day?

tend - ed? Can we ask, and be for - given? D. C.

op - ens, And the wick - ed sink a - way? D. C.

D. C.

3. When on earth the Savior sojourned,
Children shared his tender love;
Does he children still remember,
Now that he is gone above?
Must we wait till we are older,
Ere we give our hearts away?
Teachers, tell us, are you willing,
We should come to Christ to-day?

For Social Worship.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
Chorus. Turn to God, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Turn to God, &c.

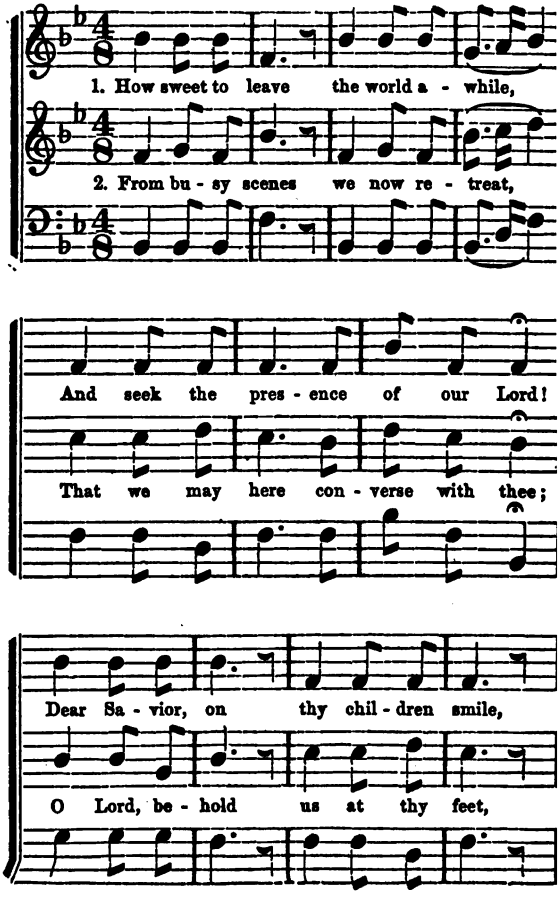
3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
Turn to God, &c.

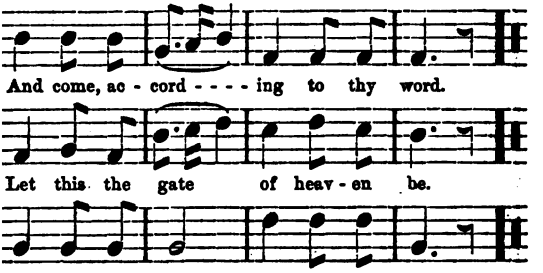
4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Turn to God, &c.

5. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies.
Turn to God, &c.

Allen. L. M.

Arranged for this work, from the "Timbrel."





3. O, let thy glory now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
And speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

For Social Worship.

1. Sinners, O, why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2. Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3. Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains!
Forever telling, yet untold!

Praise.

With spirit. *Arranged and Harmonized for this w*

1. Come, children, young and low - ly, A - loud
To Je - sus, king of glo - ry, He stoop

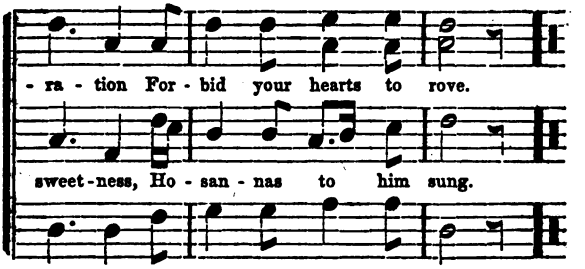
2. Ye youth-ful tribes, re - mem-ber, His con -
Displayed when he did wan - der A - mong

voi - ces raise,
hear your praise; } His heart is all com - pas - s

- scend-ing grace,
in - fant race; } For - get - ting all his greatn

His voice is full of love; Come, then, let ad - o

He blest the ten-der throng, While they, with in - fa



3. Is Jesus now less lovely,
Or is that crown less bright
That decks his brow in glory,
Unfolding dazzling light?
O no, he still is willing
To bless the youthful race;
Then each, let each excelling,
Extol his glorious grace,

4. Till round the world the story
Of Jesus's death shall spread,
And heathen lands shall glory
In Christ their living head;
Then in one heavenly union
Your hallelujahs bring,
And serve in sweet communion
The everlasting King.

For Social Worship.

1. The gloomy night of sadness
Begins to flee away;
The glowing tinge of morning
Proclaims the rising day;
The welcome day of promise,
When Christ shall claim his right,
And on the world in darkness
Pour forth a flood of light.

2. Now truth, unveiled, is shining,
With beams of sacred light;
The mourning pilgrims wonder,
And leave the paths of night;
Their glowing hearts in rapture,
All filled with joy divine,
Burst forth in shouting glory,
And like their master shine.

3. Come, let's begin the anthem,
And join the choir above,
To praise our blessed Jesus,
And bless the God we love.
All honor, praise, and glory,
Salvation to our God;
Hosanna to our Jesus,
Who washed us in his blood.

4. The courts of heaven are ringing
With songs of highest strains,
And ceaseless praise is rolling,
Along the flowery plains.
O, could we rise triumphant,
And join with those above,
To shout and sing forever,
Free grace and dying love!

1. Let us adore the grace that seeks To draw our hearts a-

1. Let us adore the grace that seeks To draw our hearts a-

- bove; 'Tis God, the ho-ly

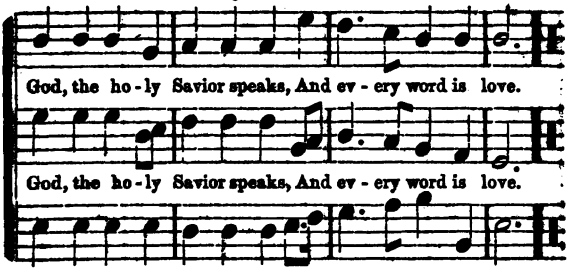
- bove; 'Tis God, the ho-ly Savior speaks, 'Tis

'Tis God, the ho-ly Savior speaks, And ev - - ery

Sa-vior speaks, And ev - - - - ery word . . . is love, 'Tis

God, the ho-ly Savior speaks, And every word is love; 'Tis

word is love, And ev-ery word is love;



2. Though filled with awe, before his throne
Each angel veils his face;
He'll take poor children for his own,
And save them by his grace.
3. O, may the child that lives in sin,
Enslaved by Satan's power,
Meekly obey the call divine,
In this appointed hour.
4. "My sons and daughters you shall be,
Through my atoning blood;
And thou shalt claim and find in me,
A Savior and a God."

For Social Worship.

1. As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.
2. O, could I make my fears remove,
These gloomy fears that rise;
And view the Canaan which I love,
With unbeclouded eyes!
3. Death cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there;
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.
4. Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I could forget my breath;
And lose my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death.

Stevens. C. M.

1. I love the Sab - bath School—the place My
2. I love the Sab - bath School—'tis there The

youth-ful feet have trod, Where I have heard of wisdom's
praise of God we sing—'Tis there we bow the knee in

ways, That lead to peace and God, That lead to peace and God.
prayer To God our heavenly King, To God our heavenly King.

3. I love the Sabbath School — where we
The Holy Bible read,
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A friend in time of need.

4. I love the Sabbath School — and those
Who've watched, and wept o'er me;
May they beneath God's love repose;
May they his glory see.

5. O that, when life's few cares are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

For Social Worship.

1. Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve, And make, &c.

2. "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Have like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3. "Prostrate I'll fall before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4. "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there."

Rejoicing in Christ. 8s & 7s.

Con Moto.

1. Thou, who didst, with love and bless - ing, Gath - er
Still a Sa-vior's love ex - press - ing, These the

Lo! they rise — to live for - ev - er! Train, O,

End.

Zi - on's babes to thee,
babes of Zi - on see; } Smile up - on our weak en -

train them for thy sky.

D. C.

deav - or, Vain, If thou thy smile de - - ny;

2. Let no self-applauding feeling,
Nought of praise from mortals won,
O'er the heart infectious stealing,
Poison what our hands have done.
Love to thee, and pure affection
For the lambs that need a fold,—
These should give our zeal direction,
And prevent its growing cold.

3. Yet with humble fervor bending,
We thy blessings would entreat;
On the infant heart descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet.
Then, when long we both have slumbered
Side by side in common dust,
May we and our charge be numbered,
With th' assembly of the just.

For Social Worship.

1. Hail! thou once despiséd Jesus!
Hail! thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to redeem us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail! thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3. Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Exhortation. C. M.

Con Spirito.

1. Al - migh - ty God, while earth and he

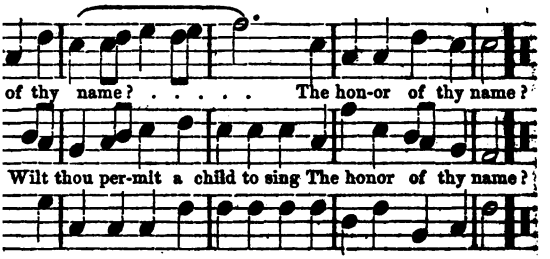
power and skill proclaim,

Wilt thou per-mi

Wilt thou per-mit a child to sing The

thou per-mit a child to sing The hon-or of thy

child to sing The hon-or of thy name? . . .



2. The early dawn of opening life
   Has proved thy guardian care,
   And may I, through all future years,
   Thy grace and goodness share.
3. Now, may I give myself to thee,
   And in thy name confide;
   Most gracious God! O deign to be
   My Father, Friend, and Guide.

For Social Worship.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
   And cast a wishful eye
   To Canaan's fair and happy land,
   Where my possessions lie.
2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
   That rises to my sight!
   Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
   And rivers of delight!
3. All o'er those wide-extended plains
   Shines one eternal day;
   There God the Son forever reigns,
   And scatters night away.
4. No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
   Can reach that healthful shore;
   Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
   Are felt and feared no more.
5. When shall I reach that happy place,
   And be forever blest?
   When shall I see my Father's face,
   And in his bosom rest?
6. Filled with delight, my raptured soul
   Would here no longer stay;
   Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
   Fearless I'd launch away.

Stoner. L. M.

Energico. *From Wesleyan Harp.*

1. I am a child, in knowledge young; But
2. The name of Je - sus, O, how sweet! I'll

Christ shall have my heart and tongue; My ten - der years, my
fall pros-trat - ed at his feet; A soul that's born a -

ris - ing days, Shall be de - vot - ed to his praise.
gain may sing Ho - san - nas loud to this dear King.

3. The saints shall reign in bliss above,
And climb the hills of heavenly love
Millions of children there shall stand
Forever blest at thy right hand.

4. Be this my lot, to see that face
That bore for me so much disgrace;
Then, with ten thousand angels bright,
My soul shall sing with saints in light.

5. All eye, all ear, nor sin, nor death,
But Christ and joy fill every breast;
My dear relations with me then,
Shall sing, I trust, a loud *Amen*.

For Social Worship.

1. Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2. The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3. Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4. How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5. They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

Dunn. C. M. Double.

Moderate. W. McD.

1. The Sab - bath sun was set - ting slow
"Our Fa - ther," breathed a voice be - low,

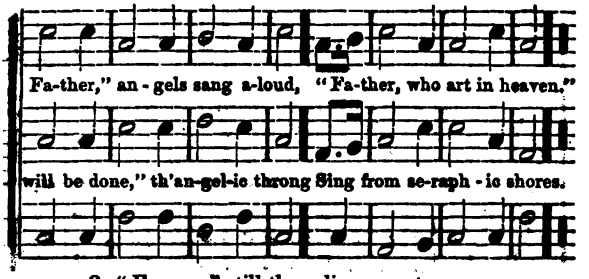
2. "Thy king - dom come," still from the ground
"Thy king - dom come," God's hosts re - sound,

A - midst the clouds of even:
"Fa - ther who art in heav'n!" } Beyond the earth, be-

That child - like voice did pray:
Far up the star - ry way. } "Thy will be done," with

yond the clouds, Those in - fant words were given, "Our

lit - tle tongue, That lisp - ing love im-plores: "Thy



3. "Forever," still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"Forever," floats in music sweet
High midst the angels there!
"Thine be the glory evermore;
From Thee may man ne'er sever;
But every Christian land adore
Jehovah, God, forever!"

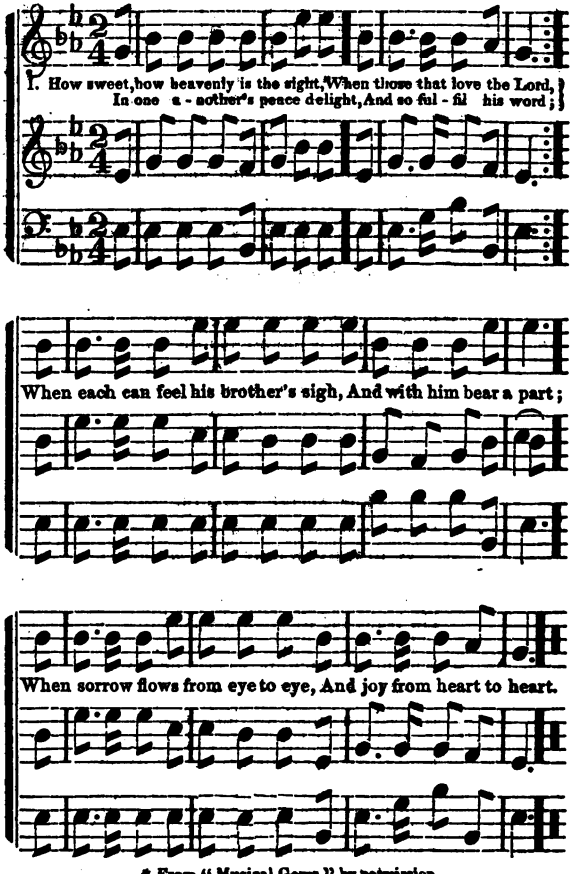
For Social Worship.

1. My soul is happy in its choice
With Christ's dear flock enrolled;
I hear my Shepherd's soothing voice,
And rest within his fold.
He leads me through the pastures sweet
Beside the flowing rills,
And all my longing wishes meets,
And all my spirit fills.

2. Daily I find his love the same,
And run at his command;
He knows and calls me by my name,
And guides me with his hand.
Had I but dreamed how great the joys
Of those who Jesus know,
I should have made his love my choice
And sought him years ago.

Golden Chain. C. M.*

S. Hubbard.



* From "Musical Gems," by permission.

2. When love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet and dear esteem,
In every action glows.
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

For Social Worship.

1. Arise, my soul, to Pisgah's height,
And view the promised land,
And see by faith the glorious sight—
Our heritage at hand;
A land where pure enjoyments dwell,
And blessings most divine;
Where saints their highest notes doth swell,
And in bright glory shine.

2. There endless springs of pleasure flow,
At my Redeemer's side,
For all who live by faith below,
And in their Lord confide;
Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
And fields adorned with living green,
The residence of God.

3. My conflicts here will soon be past,
Where wild distraction reigns;
Through toil and death I'll reach at last
Fair Canaan's happy plains.
The lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay,
And then my happy soul will sail
To everlasting day.

America. S. M.

TO BE SUNG AT A SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

1. On this our fes-tal day, We in thy courts ap-

1. On this our fes-tal day, We in thy courts ap-

-pear; To

-pear; To thee our grateful vows to pay, O

To thee our grateful vows to pay, To thee our grateful

thee our grateful vows to pay, O thou whom an-gels fear.

thou whom angels fear, O thou whom an-gels fear.

vows to pay, ... O thou whom an-gels fear.

2. And wilt thou condescend
To own our sacrifice?
And let the waiting heavens bend
To bear it to the skies?

3. Taught by thy word of truth,
That children came to thee,—
We come, a company of youth,
Before thy majesty.

4. Lord, we have ever been
The children of thy care;
And as a father, we have seen
That thou dost with us bear,

5. Though we have often err'd,
And fear we grieve thee much,
We learn from thy most holy word,
That thou dost pity such.

6. O, through the present year,
While we instruction gain,
May it by all we do, appear
That it is not in vain.

For Social Worship.

1. A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

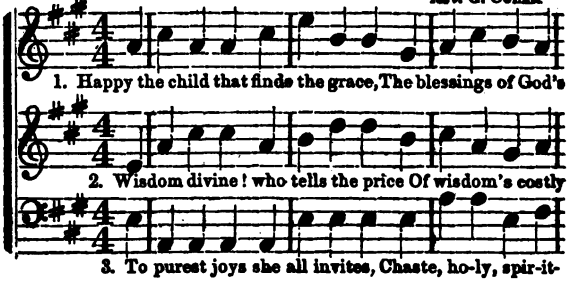
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

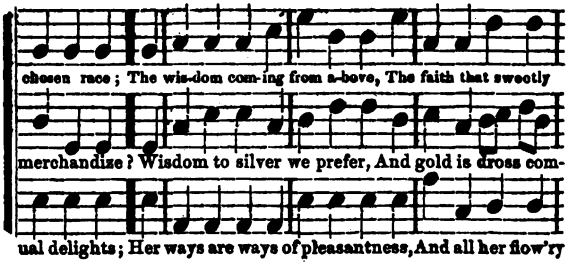
3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

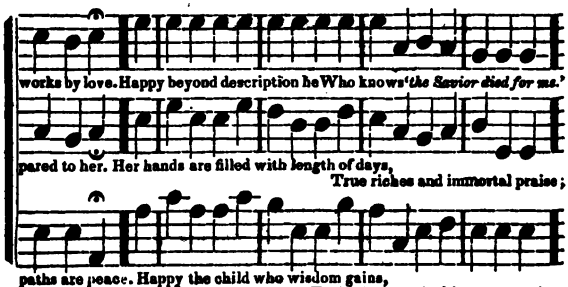
4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

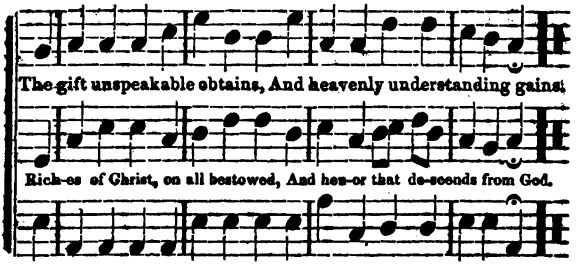
Duane Street. L. M. Double.

Rev. G. Cobb.









For Social Worship.

1. A poor way-faring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay;
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word he spake,
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed, and brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3. I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran, and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4. 'Twas night. The floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5. Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6. In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die.
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

7. Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Savior stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named,—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

1. E - ter - nal Be-ing, Source of love, Per- mit us

1. E - ter - nal Be-ing, Source of love, Per- mit us

to ap - proach thy seat;

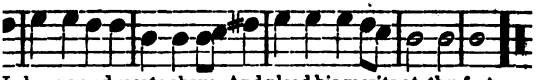
to . . . ap - proach thy seat; We have an

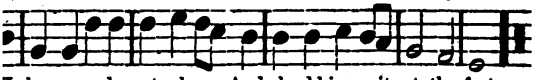
We have an ad - vo - cate a -

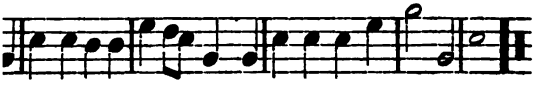
We have an advocate above, And plead his merits at thy feet;

ad - vocate above, And plead his mer-its at thy feet;

-bove, And plead his mer - - its at thy feet;





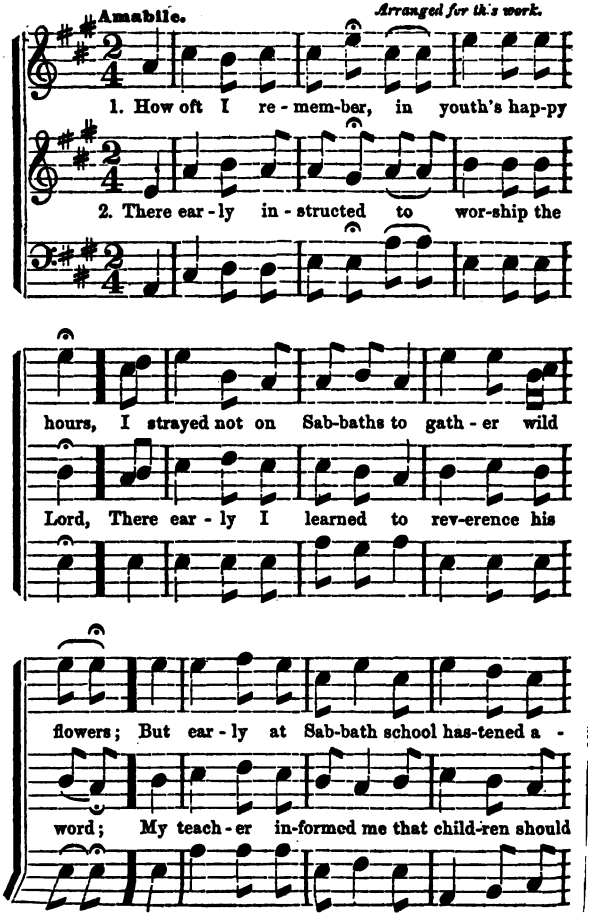


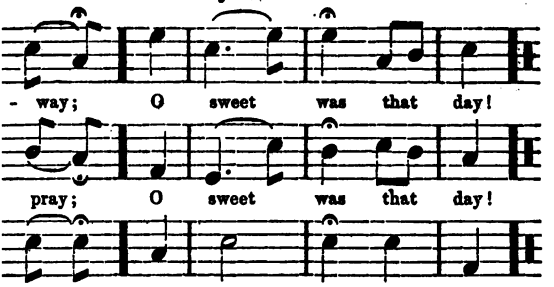
2. Us thou hast called to labor here,
   To train the rising race for heaven;
   O may we do it in thy fear,
   And use the talents thou hast given.
3. We love the children of our charge;
   To them our weak instructions bless;
   Our borders, gracious Lord, enlarge,
   And crown our school with great success.
4. What can we do without thine aid?
   Therefore to thee for help we fly;
   O may we never be dismayed,
   For thou canst every want supply.

For Social Worship.

1. Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry,
   Nor let our sun go down at noon;
   Thy years are one eternal day,
   And must thy children die so soon?
2. I tremble, lest the wrath divine
   Which bruises now my wretched soul,
   Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
   Long as eternal ages roll.
3. I deprecate that death alone,
   That endless banishment from thee;
   O save, and give me to thy Son,
   Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

Jenne.


Amabile.
Arranged for this work.
1. How oft I re - mem-ber, in youth's hap-py
2. There ear - ly in - structed to wor-ship the
hours, I strayed not on Sab-baths to gath - er wild
Lord, There ear - ly I learned to rev-erence his
flowers; But ear - ly at Sab-bath school has-tened a -
word; My teach - er in-formed me that child-ren should



3. Our teachers we meet, with a smile on their face,
With truth on their lips, and their hearts full of grace,
While each for the other lisped forth the still prayer;
'Twas sweet to be there.

4. Dear children, do not on the Sabbath day rove,
By rivers or mountains, in city or grove;
But think of the Sabbath school, teacher, and prayer,
And always be there.

For Social Worship.

1. O daughter of Zion, why sorrowest thou,
With thy beautiful harp on the green willow bough?
O cease from thy weeping; thy Savior is calling
Thy spirit to joy.

2. Why drooping and sad, dost thou languish forlorn,
Forgetting the day-star that gladdens thy morn?
That star is thy Savior; O hear him inviting
Thy spirit to love.

3. Come, tune thy sweet harp, sing an anthem of praise,
And join its full chords to melodious lays;
Thy Savior from heaven is gently enticing
Thy spirit to bliss.

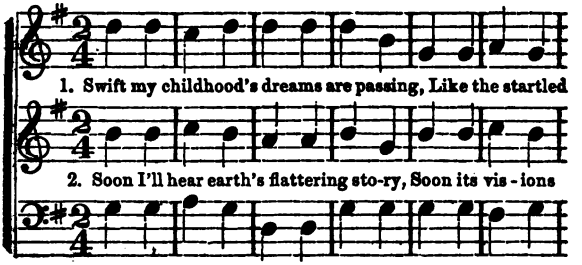
Windham. L. M.

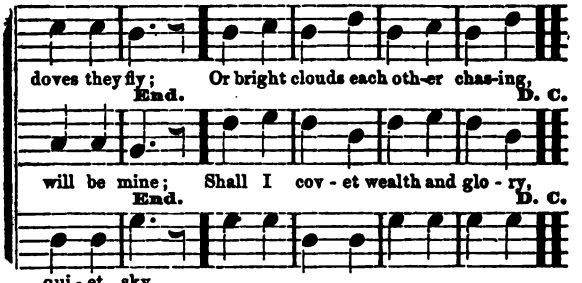
Read.

1. Youth is the time to serve the Lord, The
2. Youth is the hour that God has given, To

time t' in-sure the great re-ward; And while the lamp holds
'scape from hell and fly to heaven; The day of grace, when

out to burn, The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.
mor-tals may Se - - cure the bless-ings of that day.





3. No my God, one prayer I raise thee
From my young and happy heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.

4. Then when years have gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realms will rise before me,
There my treasure will be laid.

For Family Worship.

1. Savior, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou can'st save, and thou can'st heal.

2. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

Bethlehem. 7s & 4s. N. Billings.

Arranged for this work.

1. Hark! hark! how the angels sing, Anthems from heav'n, Tidings

2. O thou lovely Bethlehem, Had we been there Guard-

3. Still within thy temple here, He deigns to dwell, Deeming

of great joy they bring, Jesus is given; Lo, he comes the world to save;

ing our ten-der lambs With fondest care; Gladly, with the shepherds, throng,

lit-tle children's pray'r, Richest perfume. No flow-er - ets he'll receive,

Children, hail thy King! Come, O, come and seek his throne,
His praises sing.

Flow'rets we'd bear, With the ro - ses and the song Glad'ning the air.

Strew'd at his feet, While the song that childhood gives, To him is sweet.

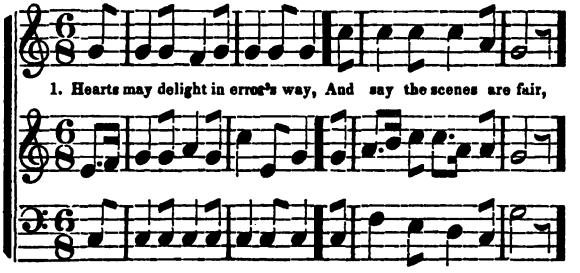
4. Father, may these little ones,
In yonder heaven,
Worship thee before thy throne,
Where joy is given;
Where sweet flowers, that never die,
Loved angels bring:
In the world o'er yonder sky,
With them we'll sing.

"Looking unto Jesus."

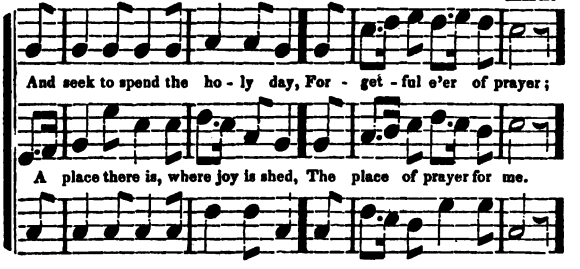
1. I'm a lonely traveller here,
Weary, oppressed;
But my journey's end is near;
Soon I shall rest:
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I've come;
Ask me not with you to stay;
Yonder's my home.
2. I'm a weary traveller here;
I must go on;
For my journey's end is near;
I must be gone:
Brighter joys than earth can give
Win me away —
Pleasures that forever live;
I cannot stay.
3. I'm a traveller to a land
Where all is fair;
Where are seen no broken bands;
All, all are there;
Where no tear shall ever fall,
No heart be sad,
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.
4. I'm a traveller, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below;
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
If heaven be mine.
5. I'm a traveller; call me not;
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot;
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all;
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not; in vain you call;
Yonder's my home.

Tilton. C. M. Double.

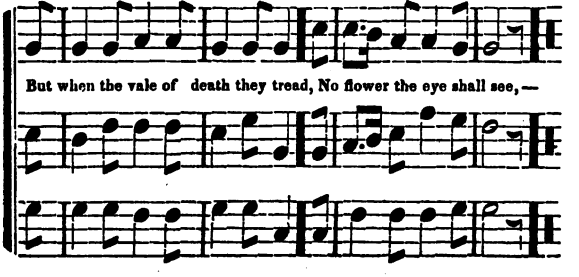
Harmonized and arranged for this work.



End.



Close with the 2d strain. D. C.



2. On other days the fields I'll view,
   And cull the blossoms gay;
   But may my heart, in virtue true,
   Revere the Sabbath day;
   From worldly pleasures, worldly cares,
   From every sin I'll flee,
   And haste the Savior's love to share,
   The place of prayer for me.
3. How calm the smile that Heaven gives,
   To cheer adoring hearts:
   In future years that smile revives,
   When other joy departs;
   No sigh disturbs the tranquil breast,
   From anguish ever free:
   Then give, upon each day of rest,
   The place of prayer to me.
4. A world there is where God abides,
   A lovely Sabbath-place,
   A world where Jesus e'er resides,
   And saints behold his face;
   'Tis found by those who love to pray;
   Its glories I would see:
   Then give, upon each Sabbath day,
   The place of prayer to me.

For Social Worship.

1. O peaceful Dove! whence hast thou flown,
   Who once didst bless our church?
   Where hast thou found the olive branch,
   On which thou lovedst to perch?
   Methinks in some lone wilderness
   I hear thy pensive song;
   Far, far remote from human strife,
   O, wilt thou tarry long?
2. Thou'rt gone where crystal waters flow
   From life's pure fount above;
   Where every wave reflects thy form,
   And gently murmurs, "Love."
   O, had I wings like yonder dove,
   I'd seek thy peaceful home;
   I'd sit beneath thy olive branch,
   And never more return.
3. I'd listen to thy mournful song,
   And weep for Zion's grief;
   Till pity move thee to return,
   And bring the olive leaf.
   I'll follow thee through desert waste;
   From thee I ne'er can part;
   And when I sink in Death's cold wave,
   I'll press thee to my heart.

Kedron. 11s.*

S. Hubbard.

1. Sweet spi - ces they brought on their star-lighted way,
2. The stone is removed, and the Sa - vior is gone:

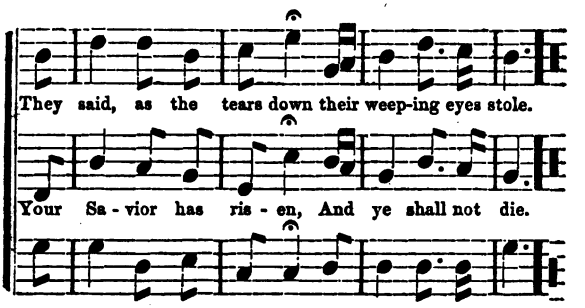
And came to the grave by the dawn - ing of day:

O hail, ye dear chil-dren, the bright Sab-bath morn;

"But who will the stone from the sep - ul-chre roll?"

Lift, lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high;

* From "Musical Gems," by permission.



3. May Christ now appear, as to Mary he came,
And fill every bosom with piety's flame;
Then heaven's bright glories we soon shall obtain,
Nor Sabbaths so peaceful be useless and vain.

For Social Worship.

KEDRON.

1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

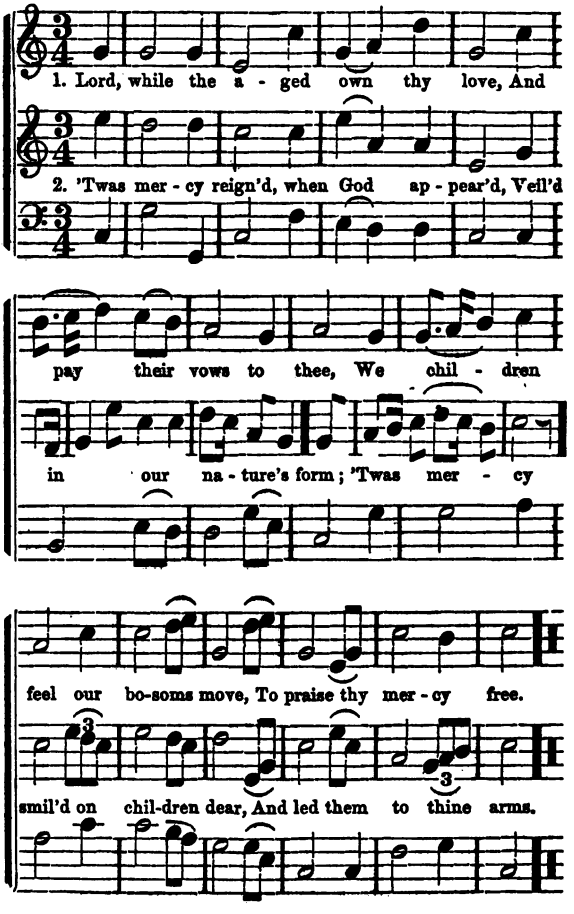
2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

3. O garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4. Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

China. C. M.

SWAN.



3. And sure thy mercy formed the school
Where we thy Sabbaths spend,
Where thou dost smile, where thou dost rule,
The child's unchanging Friend.

4. O, may thy mercy ever bless
Our parents, teachers, friends,
The Sabbath ever yield them rest,
And peace their days attend.

5. May they with us, when life shall close,
Tell thy great mercy given:
When in the grave our forms repose,
O, may we meet in heaven!

For Social Worship.

1. Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thy end is nigh:
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O, think before thou die.

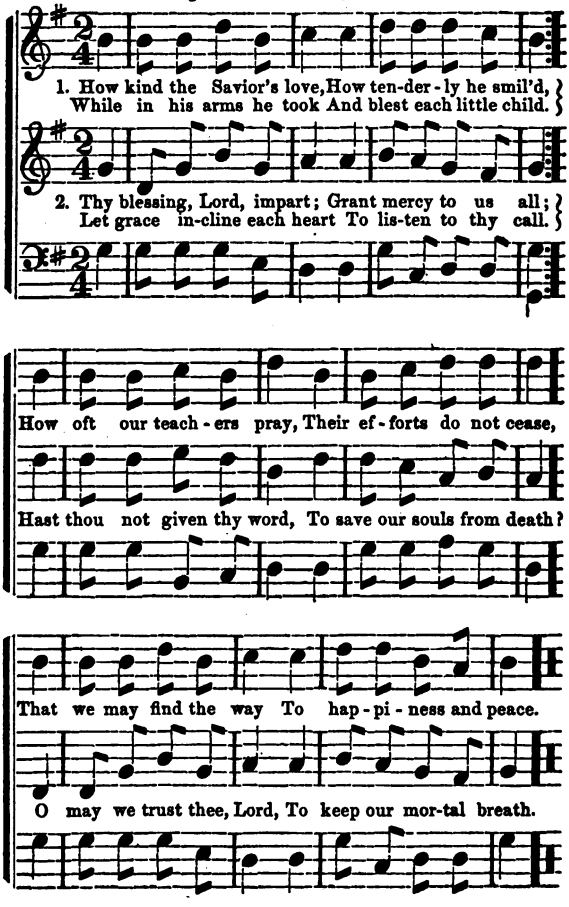
2. Reflect; thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3. Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4. Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Mason.

Arranged and Harmonized for this work.



Rest in Heaven.

1. If ever life should seem
   To thee a tedious way,
And gladness cease to beam
   Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove,
   O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above;
   There's rest for thee in *heaven.*

2. But O, if thornless flowers
   Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gayly fleet the hours,
   Unstained by earthly gloom:
Still let not every thought
   To this poor world be given;
Nor ever be forgot
   Thy better rest in *heaven.*

For Social Worship.

1. A crown of glory bright,
   Through Jesus' grace I see,
In yonder realms of light,
   Reserved for souls like me:
O may I faithful prove,
   And keep the prize in view;
And through the storms of life,
   The heavenly way pursue.

2. Jesus, be thou my guide,
   My wandering steps attend;
O, keep me near thy side,
   Be thou my constant friend:
Be thou my shield and sun,
   My Savior and my guard;
And when my work is done,
   Be thou my great reward.

Keith.

Poetry by Rev. F. A. Crafts. *Arranged for this wor*

1. Fare - well, fare - well, no more shall w
No more, when a - round our dear teach-ers w

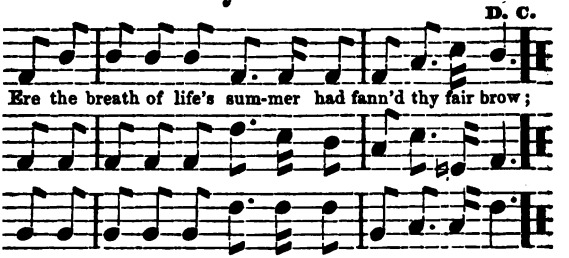
And we bring to the al - tar of mem - o - r

Kind

meet thee, No more, when the Sabbath-bell calls us to pray'r
gath-er, The words of in-struction and ten-derness shar

sis - ter, Our offering of love, while in sor-row we bow
[or brother]

Like the flow'rs of spring thou hast fad - ed and faller



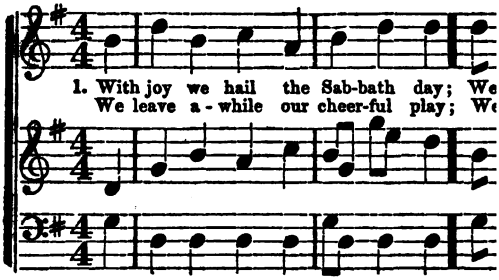
2. Though we are in tears, thou, on pinions immortal
Art soaring, the spotless in heaven to meet;
And angels now hush their loud voices to listen
To the notes of a child at Emanuel's feet.
In melodious strains thou art uttering praises,
To Him, who redeemed thee from sin's heavy chain;
Farewell! farewell! we hope soon to meet thee,
Where death cannot sunder our spirits again.

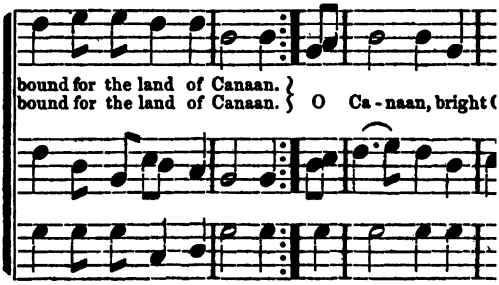
Redemption.

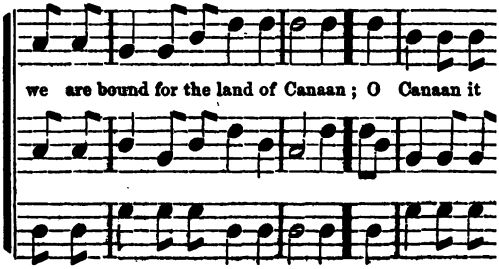
1. "Good news! good news to thee, perishing sinner!"
Thus shouted a saint, o'er the deep rolling sea:
No diamond e'er shone in the treasures of India,
So bright in its light, as thy spirit in thee.
Around thee shall glisten a halo of glory,
That beams from the cross of the crucified One;
While the heralds of truth are proclaiming the story
Of pardon and peace, through the blood of the Son.

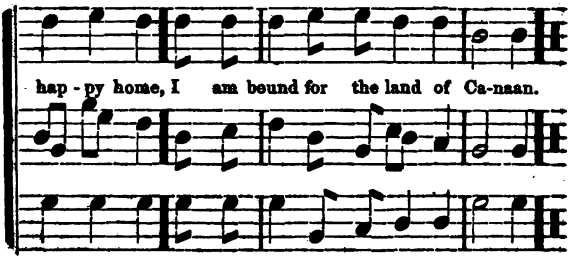
2. For Jesus, thy Savior, shall never forget thee;
From the truth of his word he will never depart,
But firm in the midst of his jewels he'll set thee,
Engraved on the innermost shrine of his heart.
And we trust that our hearts are in unison blended
With Him, who has conquered both hell and the grave;
And we'll pray, till around the wide world is extended,
The sceptre of Him, who is mighty to save.

3. Behold, far away! how the darkness is rolling!
The mantle of night is dispelled by the day;
And He, who the *prince of this world* is controlling,
Shall sweep the destroyer full swiftly away.
Then those days shall be seen, of which in devotion,
The saints and the prophets in vision once dreamed;
When the clefts of the main, and the isles of the ocean,
Shall echo the song of a people redeemed.


1. With joy we hail the Sab-bath day; We
We leave a-while our cheer-ful play; We


bound for the land of Canaan.
bound for the land of Canaan.
O Ca-naan, bright (


we are bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan it



2. We love to meet our teachers here; We are bound, &c.
And feel the blessed Savior near; We are bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

3. Whene'er oppress'd with worldly care, We will look to, &c.
And hasten to thy house of prayer, And look to, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

4. When life shall close, will angels say; "We are bound, &c.
Ye weary travellers, come away; And rest in the land," &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

Canaan.

1. Together let us sweetly live; I am bound for the land, &c.
Together let us sweetly die; I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

2. If you get there before I do; I am bound, &c.
Look out for me, I'm coming too; I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

3. I have some friends before me gone; I am bound, &c.
And I'm resolved to travel on; I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

4. Our songs of praise shall fill the skies; I am bound, &c.
While higher still our joys they rise; I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

5. Then come with me, beloved friend; I am bound, &c.
The joys of heaven shall never end; I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

Evening Bells.*

Poetry by T. Moore.

1. Those eve - ning bells, those eve-ning bells, How

2. Those pleas - ant hours have pass'd a - way, And

many a tale their mu - sic tells Of youth, and home, and

many a heart, that then was gay, Within the tomb now

na - tive clime, When I last heard their sooth-ing chime.

dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those eve - ning bells.

* From the "American Vocalist," by permission.

3. And so 't will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
When other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Sinners Come.

1. Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

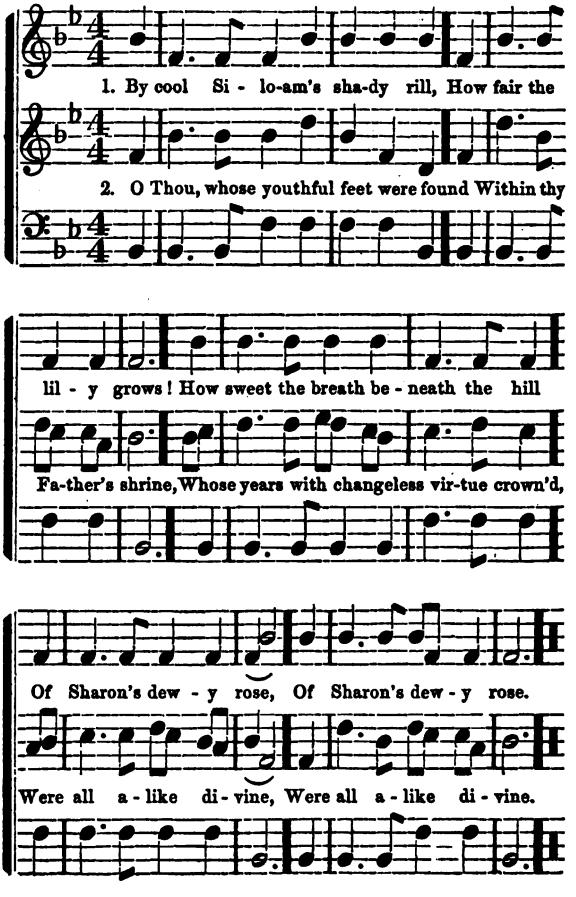
4. My message, as from God, receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5. His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

6. See him set forth before your eyes —
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!

Siloam. C. M.

Arranged for this work.



3. Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own,

4. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

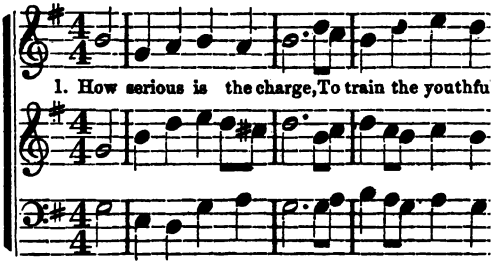
"To you who believe He is precious."

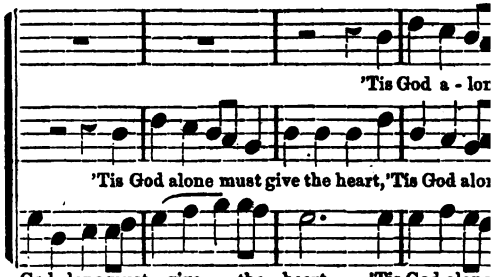
1. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music 's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet to me.

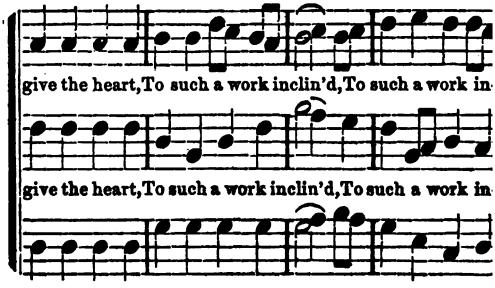
2. When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng;
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song,

3. When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

4. Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.


1. How serious is the charge, To train the youthfu


'Tis God a - lor
'Tis God alone must give the heart, 'Tis God alo
God alone must give the heart, 'Tis God alone


give the heart, To such a work inclin'd, To such a work in
give the heart, To such a work inclin'd, To such a work in

2. May we in Christian bonds,
The Christian's name adorn,
By active deeds for public good;
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.

3. While wicked men unite,
Our youth to lead aside,
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path;
In wisdom's path to guide.

4. Dependent, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless;
We gladly join our hearts and hands,
And look for large success.

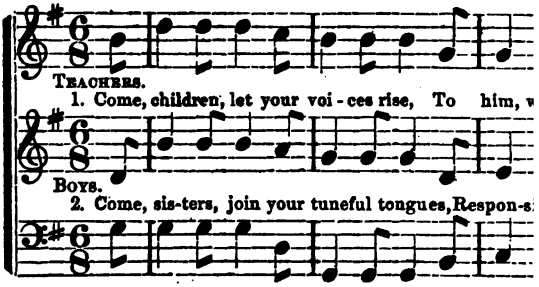
For Social Worship.

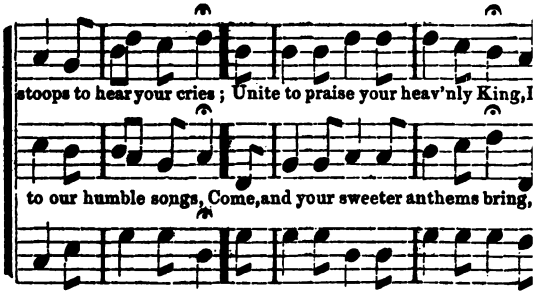
1. The praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart.

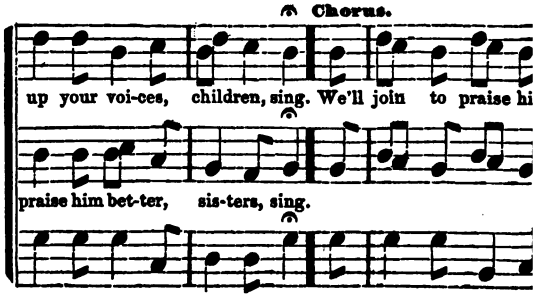
2. My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress;
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

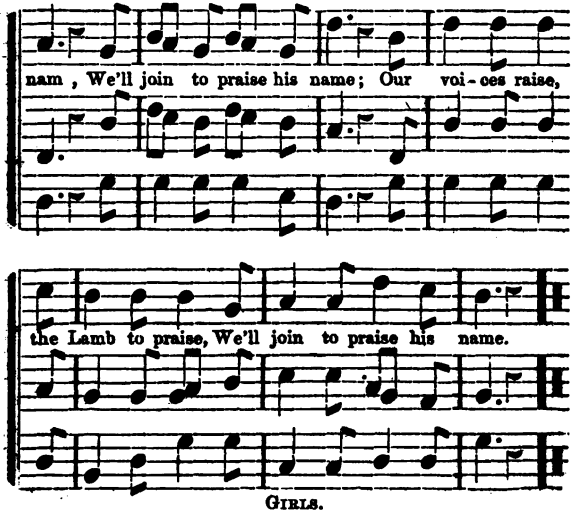
3. Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize.
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4. Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the world abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.


Teachers.
1. Come, children, let your voi - ces rise, To him, w
Boys.
2. Come, sis-ters, join your tuneful tongues, Respon-s


stoops to hear your cries; Unite to praise your heav'nly King, I
to our humble songs, Come, and your sweeter anthems bring,


Chorus.
up your voi-ces, children, sing. We'll join to praise hi
praise him bet-ter, sis-ters, sing.



GIRLS.

3. Brothers, we come with cheerful hearts,
In this glad song to bear our parts;
Let both unite to sing his praise,
And willing honors jointly raise.
We'll join, &c.

CHILDREN.

4. Our gifts of gold, we cannot bring
An offering unto Zion's King:
Instruct us, teachers, how to gain
The favors of his coming reign.
We'll join, &c.

TEACHERS.

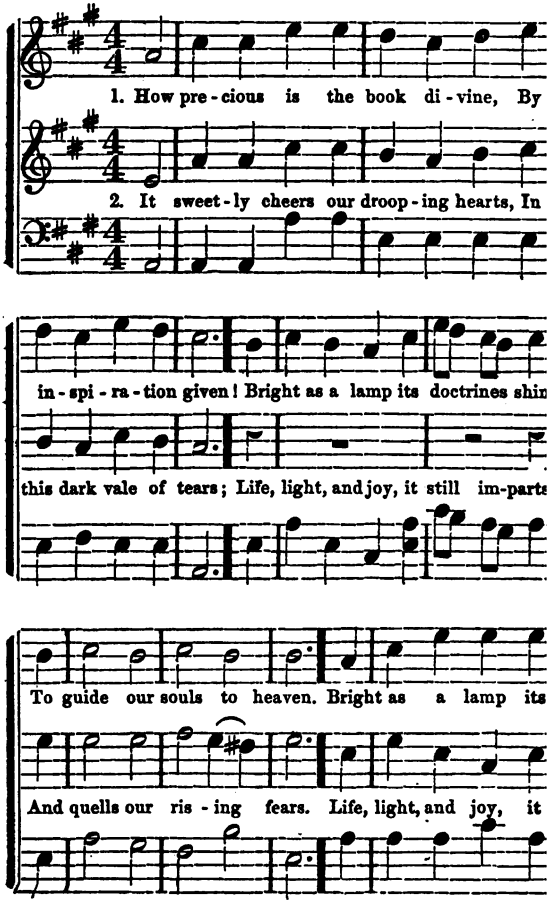
5. Dear children, he whose grace you share,
Does not for such vain honors care;
Your hearts to gold will he prefer—
Your love, to frankincense and myrrh.
We'll join, &c.

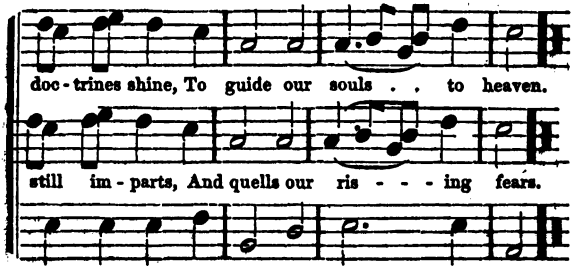
ALL.

6. Savior of all, our voices blend,
And upward to thy throne ascend;
While low our bodies humbly bow,
O, *bless* us Savior, bless us now.
We'll join, &c.

Coronation. C. M.

HOLDEN.





3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

For Social Worship.

1. Backsliders, who your misery feel,
Attend your Savior's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O crown him Lord of all.

2. Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall,
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O crown him Lord of all.

3. Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the spirit's groan;
O crown him Lord of all.

4. Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
O crown him Lord of all.

Pickering.

Tenderly. *Harmonized and arranged for this work.*

1. How cheering the tho't, that the spir - its in bliss,

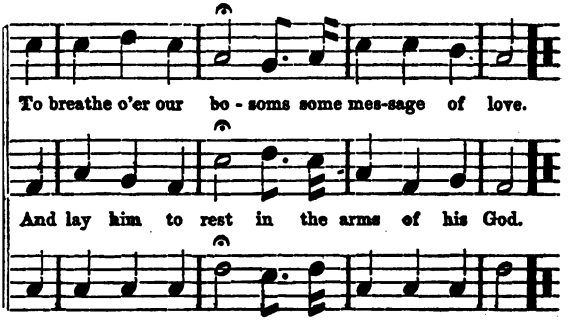
2. They come, on the wings of the morning, they come,

Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;

Im - pa - tient to lead some poor wan - der - er home;

Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions a - bove

Some pil - grim to snatch from this storm - y a - bode,



Home.

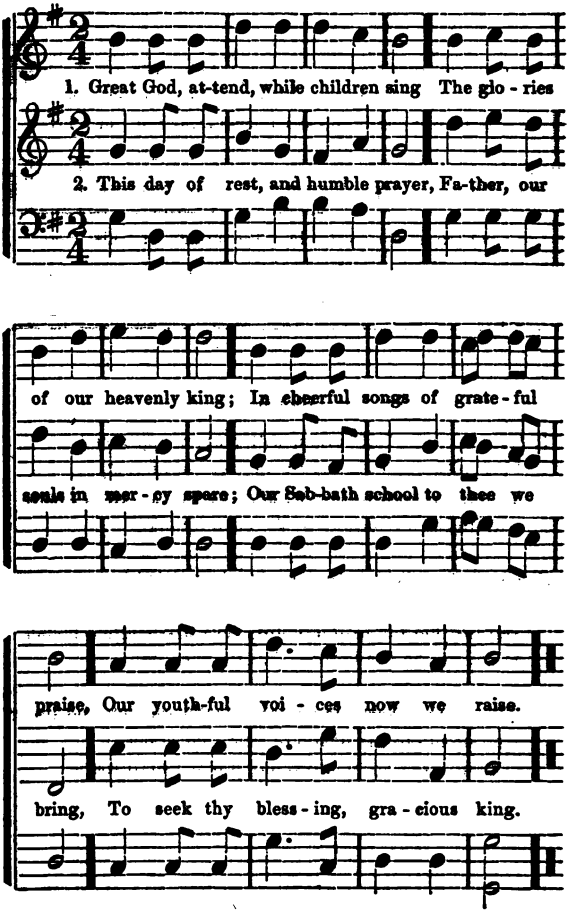
1. 'Mid scenes of affliction, with sorrow oppressed,
How oft have I sighed for the season of rest,
When no more in this wilderness world I shall roam,
But find in the bosom of Jesus, a home.

2. No spot on this earth can give permanent bliss;
No home for the stranger and pilgrim is this;
But beyond the bright azure, the star-spangled dome,
We'll find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

3. This hope cheers the prospect that's gloomy and drear,
And points to the haven of rest that is near;
O there in sweet fields of delight we shall roam,
And find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

Perry. L. M.

Rev. J. Taggart.



3. Our fathers' God, we bless thy grace
That children find a resting-place
Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Where Christ the feeblest child will own.

4. O Lord, direct our wayward feet,
That we around thy throne may meet;
May those who now in praise unite,
All sing thy praise in worlds of light.

Rev. C. F. Allen.

For Social Worship.

1. Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

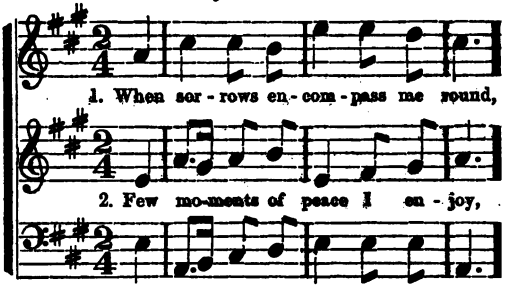
2. Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

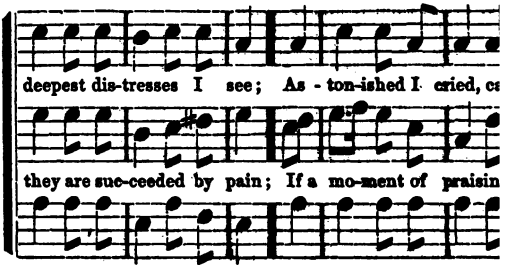
3. Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received,—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

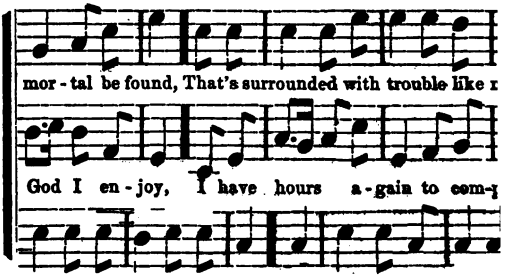
4. Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5. This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me, in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6. Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand;
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.


1. When sor - rows en - com - pass me round,
2. Few mo-ments of peace I en - joy,


deepest dis-tresses I see; As - ton-ished I cried, c
they are suc-ceeded by pain; If a mo-ment of praisin


mor - tal be found, That's surrounded with trouble like
God I en - joy, I have hours a - gain to com-

3. O when shall my sorrows be o'er,
O when shall my sufferings cease?
O when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed,
To the mansions of glory and peace?

4. If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brother beneath,
I hope I shall join you, as shouting you go,
After laying my corpse in the earth.

5. May no sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus hath called me home;
But, singing and shouting, let each brother say,
He has gone from the evil to come.

6. My spirit to glory conveyed,
My body laid low in the ground,
I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising around.

7. O'erwhelmed with the fulness of love,
I then like an angel shall sing;
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above,
And make all creation to ring.

8. Our slumbering bodies obey,
And quicker than thought shall arise,
Removed in a moment, go shouting away,
To the mansions above, in the skies.

The Flight of Time.

With spirit. *Arranged and Harmonized expressly for this*

1. Faintly flow, thou gentle river, Like a dream that

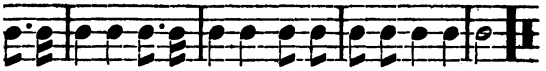
2. Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fa

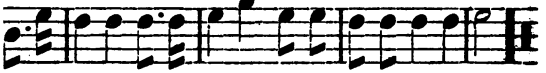
-way; Down the ocean glid-ing ev-er, Keep thy calm, unru

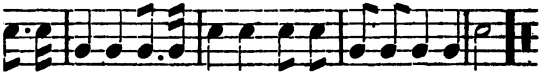
die; Shapes of light are wafted hither, Then, like visions, l

way; Time, with such a silent motion, Floats along on wing

by; Quick as clouds at evening driven, O'er the many-cloude



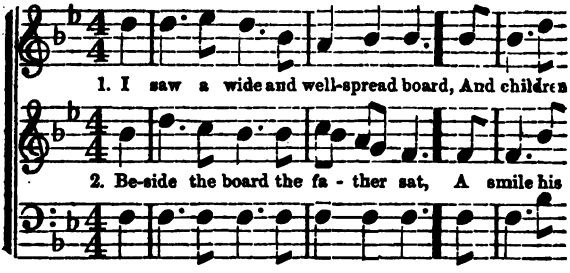


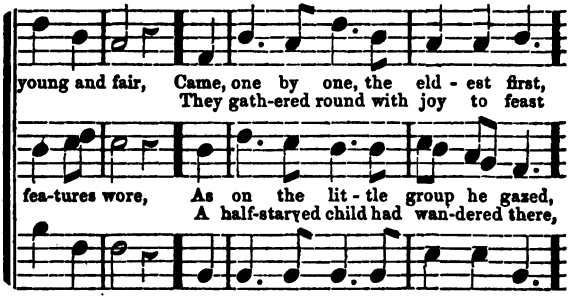


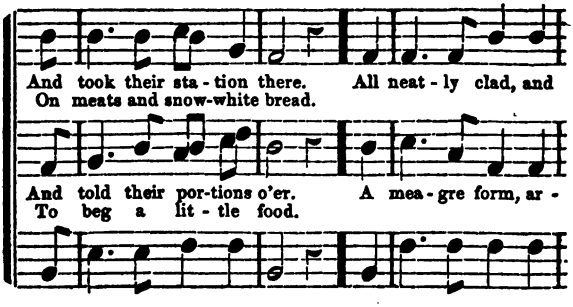
Lines for a Donation Party.

1. Let no word or look of sadness
   In this joyous group appear;
   'Tis a festival of gladness—
   Friends, we bid you welcome here.
   From the hillside and the valley,
   From the plain, our friends have come;
   Cheerfully our neighbors rally,
   To our new and pleasant home.
2. Gratefully our thanks we offer,
   For the gifts so freely given;
   In the blessings you now proffer,
   We discern the hand of heaven.
   While we prize the kindly feeling,
   By these various gifts expressed,
   Heavenward our requests are stealing,
   That the donors may be blessed.
3. Though our course is ever changing,
   Though unceasingly we roam,
   Ever o'er the green earth ranging,
   Ever varying friends and home;
   Yet with pleasant retrospection,
   Oft we visit every place,
   And with joyous recollection
   Call to mind each friendly face.
4. When the light of morn is resting,
   At the portals of the day,
   When the sunset rays are cresting
   With their hues the river's spray;
   In the night, or when the splendor
   Of the noontide hour is come,
   Joyfully our thanks we render,
   For our neighbors, friends, and home.

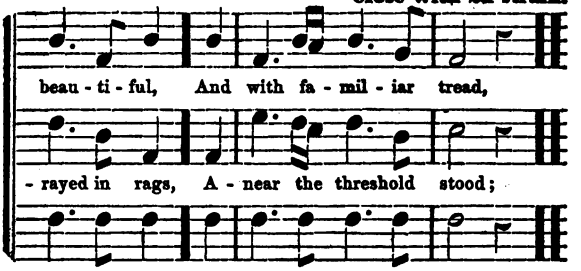
Judgment.


1. I saw a wide and well-spread board, And children
2. Be-side the board the fa - ther sat, A smile his


young and fair, Came, one by one, the eld - est first,
They gath-ered round with joy to feast
fea-tures wore, As on the lit - tle group he gazed,
A half-starved child had wan-dered there,


And took their sta - tion there. All neat - ly clad, and
On meats and snow-white bread.
And told their por-tions o'er. A mea - gre form, ar -
To beg a lit - tle food.

Close with 2d strain.



3. Said one, "Why standest here, my dear?
See, there's a vacant seat
Amid the children, and enough
For them and thee to eat."
"Alas, for me!" the child replied,
In tones of deep despair;
"No right have I amid your group,
I have no father there."

4. O hour of fate! when from the skies
With notes of deepest dread,
The far-resounding trump of God
Shall summon forth the dead,
What countless hosts shall stand without
The heavenly threshold fair,
And gazing on the blest, exclaim,
"I have no father there."

J. N. McJilton.

The Gospel Feast.

1. Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind.

2. Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

3. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Passing Away.

Rev. A. D.

1. To - day is add-ed to our time, Yet while we
How soon shall we be past our prime, For where,

2. Gone, gone in- to e - ter - ni - ty; There every
To-mor-row! O 'twill nev-er be, If we shoul

glides a-way;
yes- ter-day? } We are passing a - way; We are pass

turn ap-pears;
thousand years. } We are passing a - way; We are pass

- way; We are pass-ing a - way; Let us hail the glad

- way; We are passing a - way; Let us hail the glad

3. Our time is all to-day, to-day,
The same, though changed; and while it flies,
With still small voice the moments say,
To-day, to-day be wise, be wise. We are, &c.

4. Then wisdom from above impart;
Good Lord, send forth thy light and truth,
To guide our feet, inspire our hearts,
And make us Christians from our youth.
We are, &c.

Thoughts of Heaven.

1. How blest the place where Jesus is!
The fountain-head of life and bliss;
Celestial bands, assist my flight,
And bear me to the realms of light.
[*Sing the Chorus after each verse.*]

2. Those blissful groves so green and fair,
Perennial fruit and blossoms bear;
And angel forms of various grade
Enjoy their ever peaceful shade.

3. The seraph tall, with ardor bright,
Beloved among the sons of light,
And cherub grave, of thoughtful mien,
Stray o'er those hills of evergreen.

4. But O, to my fond heart more dear,
Those whom I loved and cherished here,
In white and spotless robes I see,
From pain and death forever free.

5. Their harps of gold are tuned to sing
The triumphs of their Savior King;
And heavenly hill, and grove, and stream,
Are vocal with the joyful theme.

6. When through the strength of saving grace
I finish my appointed race,
On that immortal, brighter plain,
I'll meet those kindred souls again.

7. Then speed your flight, ye passing years,
Till God shall wipe these falling tears;
And bid my exile spirit come,
To dwell in that eternal home.

Triumph.

Rev. A. D. Ma

Slow.

1. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly rings the church bell, Ech
Come, let us join with the Sabbath school throng, Jo

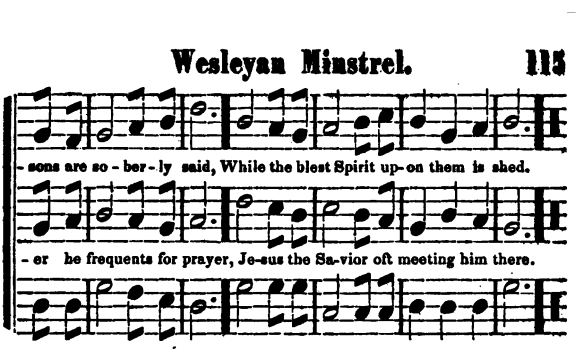
2. Blessed, thrice blessed is he who in youth, Listen
Who, like young Timothy, trusting the word, Yields

loud-ly from hill-side and dell; } Hark, they are sing-ing the soul-
joy-ful-ly hastening a-long. }

pleasure to God's ho-ly truth; } Sacred the light which il-lu-m
Spirit, which leads him to God. }

lay; Hushed now their voices, they're kneeling to pray; Ris-ing, th

way, Led by the Spir-it, he goes not a-stray; Hap-py th



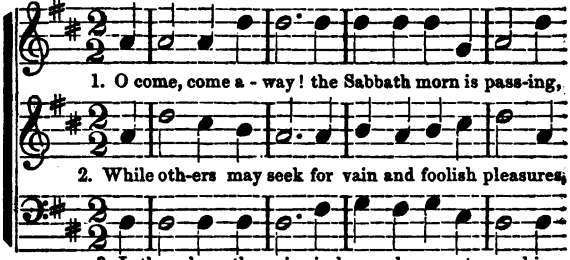
3. Happy, thrice happy, when life's work is done,
Gained is the battle, the race fitly run;
Looking to heaven with joy-beaming eye,
Fearless of danger, he's waiting to die;
Angels, commissioned to bear him away
On their soft pinions, most gladly obey;
Upward he passes from death's deepest gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully gaining his home.—*Rev. C. B. Dunn.*

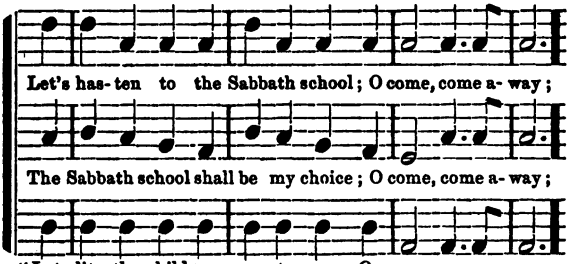
For Social Worship.

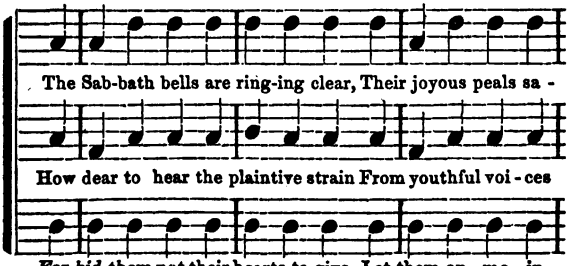
1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
2. Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear!
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

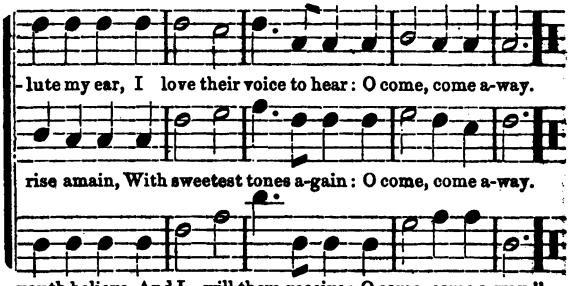
O come, come away.

From the Sabbath School Advocate, by permission.









4. With joy I accept the gracious invitation;
My heart exults with rapturous hope;
O come, come away.
My deathless spirit, when I die,
Shall on the wings of angels fly
To mansions in the sky;
O come, come away.

For Social Worship.

1. O come, come away; the Savior now is calling,
His voice of mercy hear, I pray,
O come, come away,
Has he, (the fairest of the fair,)
Those charms that should engross thy care?
Then now for him declare.
O come, come away.

2. O come, sinner, come! Thy fond delights abandon,
Earth's pleasures cannot long endure;
O come, come away.
What pain all sinful joys pursue,
What gloom disturbs man's onward view,
What ruin must ensue?
O come, come away.

3. O come, sinner, come! Tho' sinful, faint, and dying,
Jesus is life, and health, and hope;
O come, come away.
Let doubts no more thy soul distress,
But to a bleeding Jesus press,
And be forever blest;
O come, come away.

"Worship God."

1. Far from my tho'ts vain world be - gone, Let my
Fain would my eyes my Sa - vior see; I wai

Come, my dear Je - sus, from a - bove, And feed

End.

re - li - gious hours a - lone:
a vis - it, Lord, from thee. } My heart grows warm with

my soul with heaven-ly love.

D. C.

ho - ly fire, And kin - dles with a pure de - sire;

2. Blessed Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love!
Hail great Emanuel! all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eye hath seen, or angel known.

"Who gave Himself for us."

1. He dies, the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster — "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

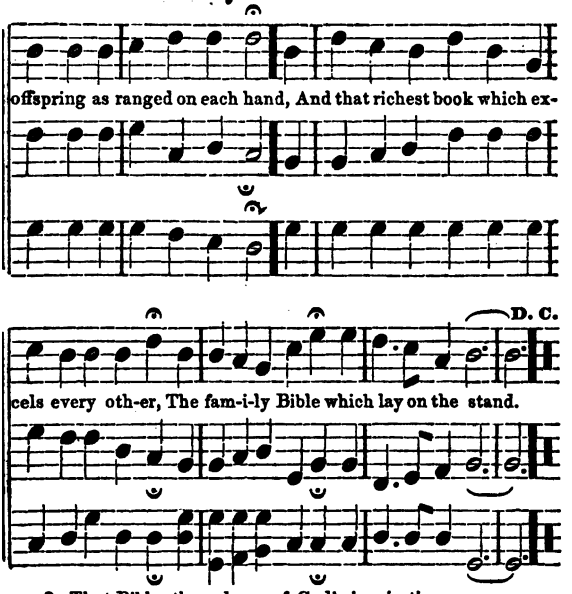
1. How pain-ful-ly pleasing the fond re-col-lec-tio
When blest with pa-ren-tal ad-vice and af-fec-tio

The old fashioned Bi-ble, the dear bless-ed Bi-bl

Of youthful e-mo-tion, and in-no-cent joy,
Sur-round-ed with mer-cies and peace from on high!

The fam-i-ly Bi-ble, that lay on the stand.

I still view the chair of my sire and my mother, The seats of th



2. That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day, and safety through night.
Our hymns of devotion in harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band;
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old fashioned Bible, &c.

3. Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Savior's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
O, let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old fashioned Bible, &c.

The Family Bible.

Arranged for this work.

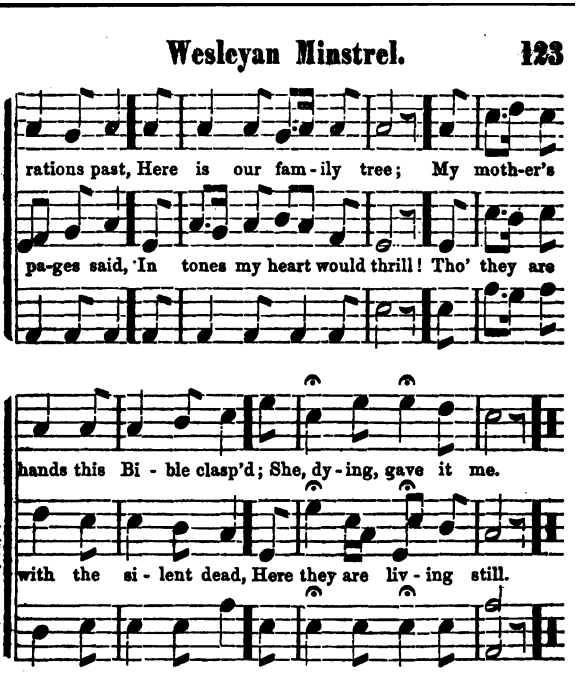
1. This book is all that's left me now
2. Ah! well do I re - mem - ber those

will un-bid - den start; With falt'ring lip and throbbin

names these records bear; Who round the hearthstone us'd

I press it to my heart; For ma - ny gen

Af - ter the eve - ning prayer, And speak of what



3. My father read this holy book
   To brothers, sisters dear —
   How calm was my poor mother's look,
   Who loved God's word to hear:
   Her angel face — I see it yet!
   What thronging memories come!
   Again that little group is met
   Within the walls of home.

4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
   Thy constancy I've tried;
   Where all were false I've found thee true,
   My counsellor, and guide.
   The mines of earth no treasure give,
   That could this volume buy —
   In teaching me the way to live,
   It taught me how to die.

The Dying Boy.

Rev. W. F. Farrin

Slow. *Arranged for this work.*

1. Moth - er, I'm dy - ing, now; There's a

2. I feel the cold sweat stand; My lips

suf - fo - ca - tion in my breast, As if

dry and trem - u - lous, my breath Comes fee -

heav - y hand my bo - som pressed, And on my bro

up. O! tell me, is this death? Mother, your han

3. Here, lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?

4. Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray;
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay
You taught to me.

5. O, at the time of prayer
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You will miss me there.

6. Father—I'm going home!
To that good home you spoke of—that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

7. I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.

8. Brother—the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not.

9. Plant there some box or pine—
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine.

10 Sister—my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;

11. And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away, my short life done;—
But will not you bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

12. Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night; I'm weary and must sleep;—
Who was it—called my name?—nay do not weep;
You'll all come soon.

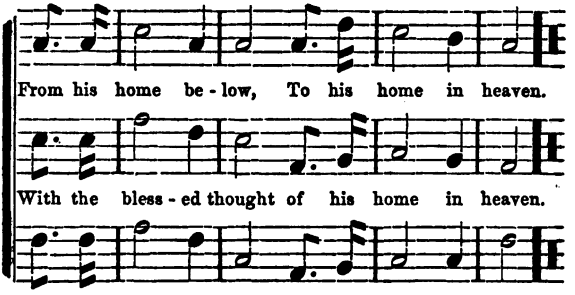
A Home in Heaven.

W. McD.

1. A home in heaven! what a joy - - ful
2. A home in heaven! as the suffer - er

tho't, As the poor man toils on his wea - - ry
lies On his bed of pain, and up - lifts his

lot! His heart op - prest, and with an - guish driven,
eyes To that bright home; what a joy is given,

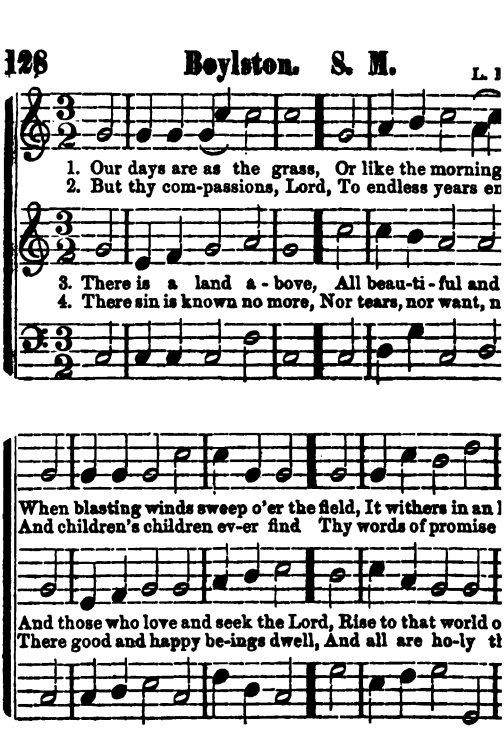


3. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given,
To meet them all in our home in heaven.

5. A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

6. Our home in heaven! O, the glorious home!
And the Spirit, joined with the bride, say "Come!"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.



For Social Worship.

1. And can I yet delay
   My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
   For Jesus to receive?

2. Nay, but I yield, I yield!
   I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
   And own thee conqueror.

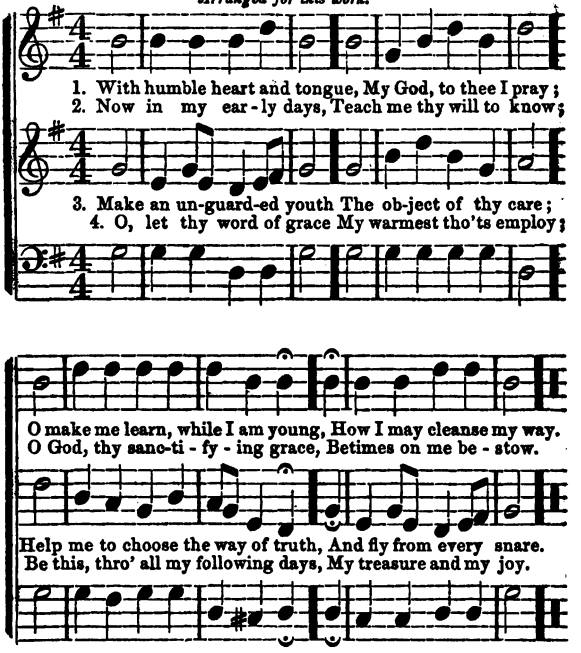
3. Though late, I all forsake;
   My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take
   And seal me ever thin

4. Come, and possess me
   Nor hence again remov
Settle and fix my waverin
   With all thy weight of

5. My life, my portion th
   Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly t
   now
   Enter and keep my he

Young. S. M.

Arranged for this work.



Evening Hymn.

1. The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon unrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.

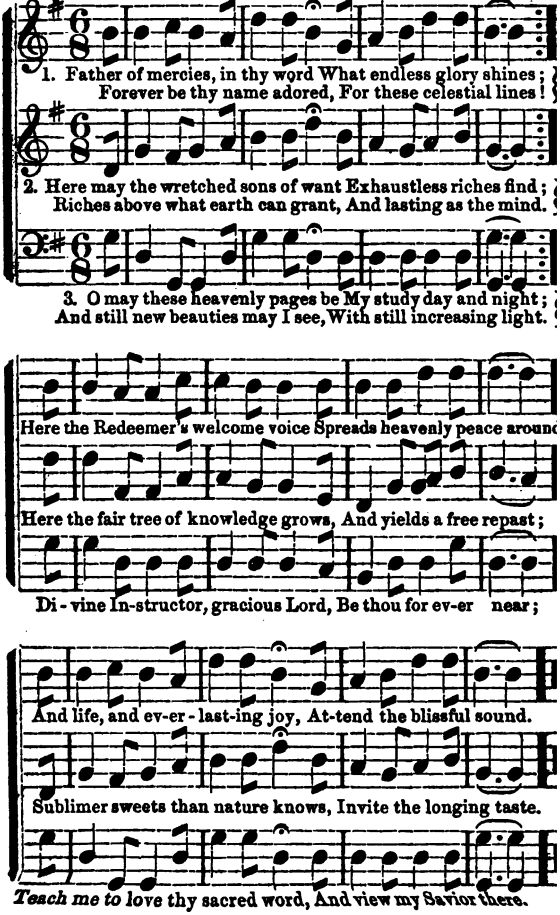
3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

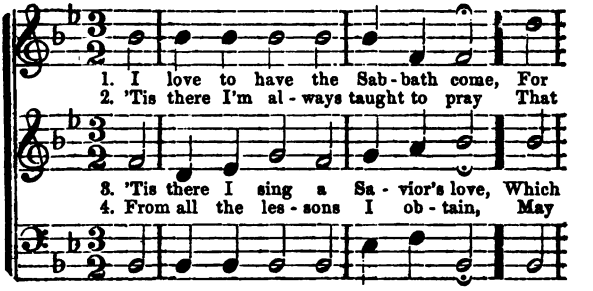
4. And when we early rise,
And view the unclouded sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5. And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

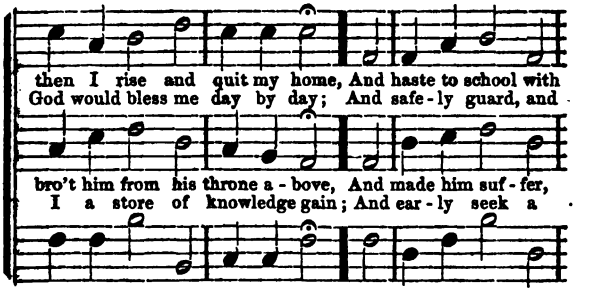
Walsh. C. M. Double.

Arranged for this work.

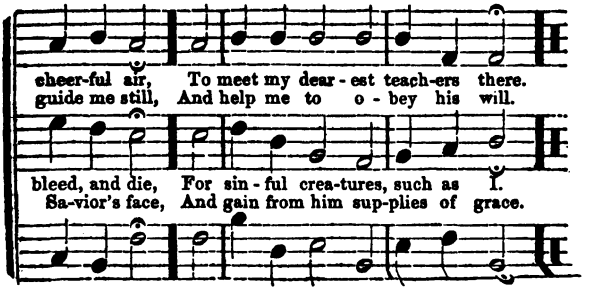




1. I love to have the Sab-bath come, For
2. 'Tis there I'm al-ways taught to pray That
3. 'Tis there I sing a Sa-vior's love, Which
4. From all the les-sons I ob-tain, May



then I rise and quit my home, And haste to school with
God would bless me day by day; And safe-ly guard, and
bro't him from his throne a-bove, And made him suf-fer,
I a store of knowledge gain; And ear-ly seek a



cheer-ful air, To meet my dear-est teach-ers there.
guide me still, And help me to o-bey his will.
bleed, and die, For sin-ful crea-tures, such as I.
Sa-vior's face, And gain from him sup-plies of grace.

Portland.

W. McD.

A few measures from the American Vocalist.

With spirit.

1. Tho' nature's strength decay, And earth and hell with-

2. The good-ly land I see, With peace and plen-ty

3. There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our Righteous-

- stand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At his com-mand;

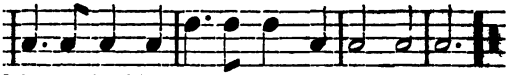
blest; A land of sa-cred lib-er-ty, And end-less rest.

- ness, Tri-umphant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of Peace.

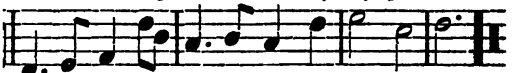
The wa-tery deep I pass, With Je-sus in my view;

There milk and honey flow, And oil and wine a-bound;

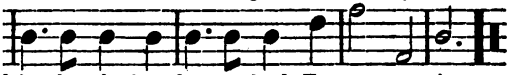
With him the youth shall stand, Who trust his sa-cred name;



l thro' the howl-ing wil-der-ness, My way pur-sue.



l trees of life for - ev - er grow, With mer-cy crowned.



l in that glo-rious, hap-py land, For-ev - er reign.

For Social Worship.

1. The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At thy right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield, and tower.
2. The God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee."
3. Before the Savior's face,
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
Forever new;
He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb.
4. The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays,)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Lansdale.*

Rev. D. H. Mansfield

With energy.

1. Hark, what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly
Lo, th'an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav - enly

2. "Peace on earth, good will from heav-en, Reach - ing
Souls redeemed, and sins for - giv - en, Loud our

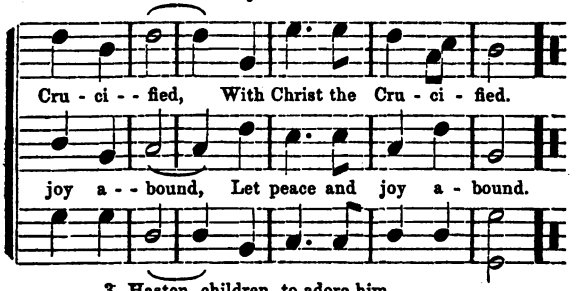
sound - ing thro' the skies; } Hear the won - drous
hal - le - - lu - jahs rise;

far as man is found; } Child - ren fall be -
gold - en harps shall sound."

sto - ry, Which they chant in glo - ry, With Christ the

- fore him, And in love a - dore him, Let peace and

* From the "American Vocalist," by permission.



3. Hasten, children, to adore him,
Learn his name, and taste his joy,
Till in heaven you sing before him,
Glory be to God on high!
Let us learn the story,
Sung by saints in glory;
May it our tongues employ.

For Social Worship.

1. Watchmen, onward to your stations,
Blow the trumpet long and loud;
Preach the gospel to the nations,
Speak to every gathering crowd;
See, the day is breaking;
See the saints awaking,
No more in sadness bowed.

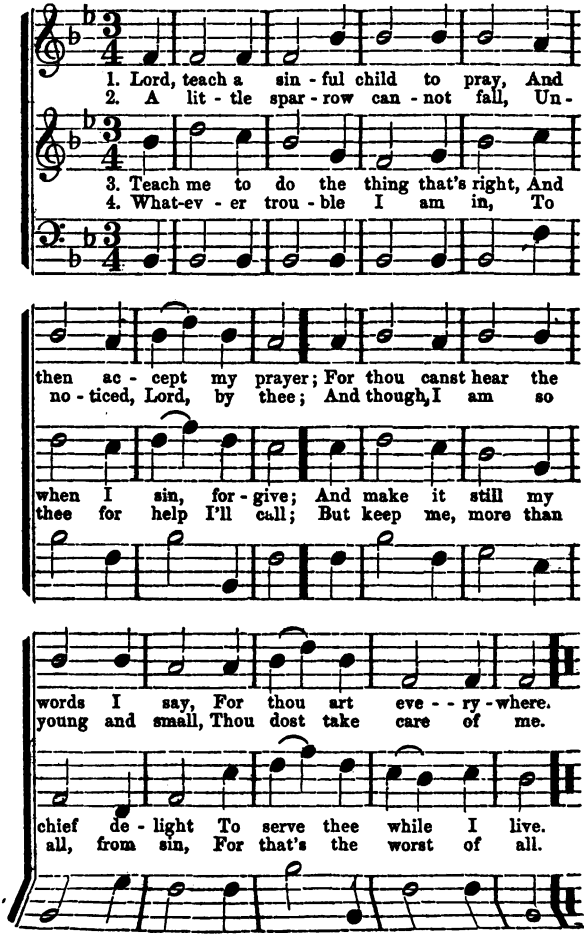
2. Watchmen, hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign;
Tell the Savior's bleeding story,
Tell it to the listening train;
See his love revealing;
See the Spirit stealing;
'Tis life amid the slain.

3. Watchmen, now lift up your voices;
Tell the triumphs of your king,
While the ransomed host rejoices;
Sing aloud his praises, sing:
See his arm victorious,
See his kingdom glorious,
While heaven's glad anthems ring.

4. Watchmen, when your friends are weeping,
When they bid the last adieu,
To your heavenly Father's keeping,
Leave them in submission true;
Kind in his protection,
Safe by his direction,
Your onward course pursue.

5. Watchmen, cast no look behind you,
While your foes are pressing hard,
Jesus shall himself defend you,
Zion's King shall be your guard;
What tho' hosts assail you,
Christ can never fail you—
He is your great reward.

Balerma. C. M.


1. Lord, teach a sin - ful child to pray, And
2. A lit - tle spar - row can - not fall, Un -
3. Teach me to do the thing that's right, And
4. What-ev - er trou - ble I am in, To
then ac - cept my prayer; For thou canst hear the
no - ticed, Lord, by thee; And though, I am so
when I sin, for - give; And make it still my
thee for help I'll call; But keep me, more than
words I say, For thou art eve - - ry - where.
young and small, Thou dost take care of me.
chief de - light To serve thee while I live.
all, from sin, For that's the worst of all.

Slow. *Arranged for this work.*

1. Were not the sin - ful Ma-ry's tears An of-fering
2. When, bringing eve - ry balm - y sweet Her days of
3. And wiped them with her gold - en hair, Where once the
4. Thou that hast slept in error's sleep, O! wouldst thou

wor-thy heav'n? When o'er the faults of for - mer years She
lux- ury stored, She o'er her Sa - vior's hallowed feet, The
diamond shone, Though now the gems of grief were there, Which
wake in heav'n? Like Ma - ry kneel, like Ma-ry weep, "Love

wept and was forgiven, She wept and was for-given.
precious per-fume pour'd, The precious per-fume pour'd.
shine for God a - lone, Which shine for God a - lone.
much," and be for-given! "Love much," and be for-given!

Lord's Prayer. C. M.

Arranged from the Millennial Harp.

1 2

1. Our Father who in heaven art, Hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, In heaven and earth the same.

2. Give us this day our daily bread; Our trespasses forgive;
As we forgive our fellow men, May we thy grace re - - ceive.

Then we will sing our sufferings o'er, And praise thee evermore.

Chorus.

Come, my Savior, O my Savior, Come and bless thy people now,

Come, my Savior, &c.

D. C.

While at thy feet we humbly bow, O come and save us now;

3. And in temptation leave us not;
From evil us defend;
For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,
Forever, without end.
Come, my Savior, &c.

4. Thine is the power, O Lord, to bring
The kingdom down to men;
Thine is the glory evermore,
And kingdom without end.
Come, my Savior, &c.

5. In that glad day shall all thy saints
A joyful tribute bring,
Of praise and power, of joy and song,
To their exalted King.
Come, my Savior, &c.

For Social Worship.

1. O for a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft our souls away
To that celestial place above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.
Come, my Savior, &c.

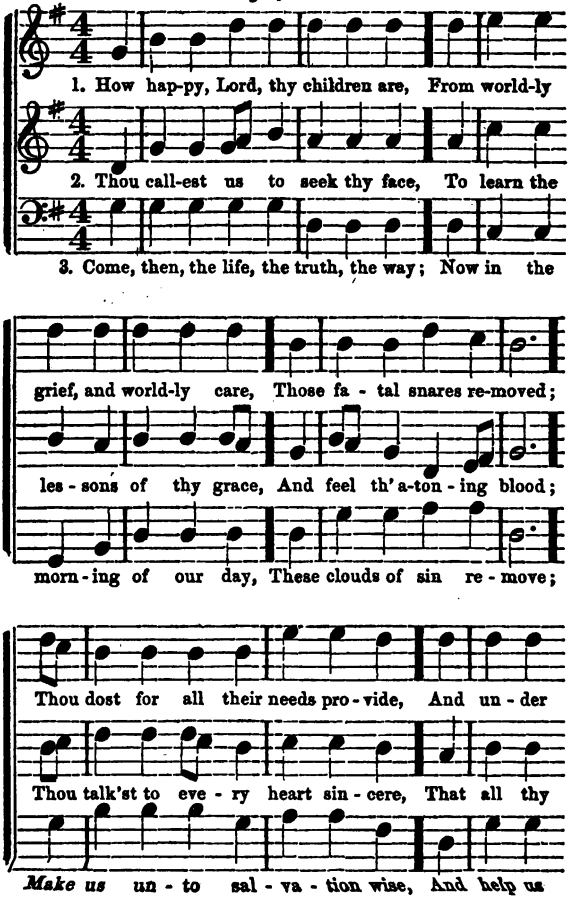
2. Eternal Spirit, deign to be
Our pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea
When stormy winds do blow.
Come, my Savior, &c.

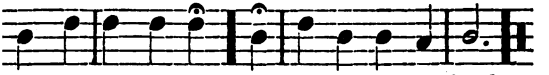
3. From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair —
O guide us safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.
Come, my Savior, &c.

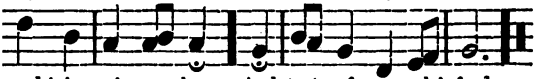
4. Anchor us in that port above.
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar,
Come, my Savior, &c.

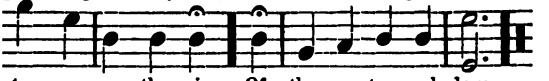
Abbott. C. P. M.

Arranged for this work.









For Social Worship.

1. Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found;
I knew not what to do;
O'erwhelmed with guilt, with anguish slain,
I knew I must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.

2. Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
"The sinner must be born again"—
Still sounded in my ear.

3. Then to the law I trembling fled;
It poured its curses on my head,—
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth I found remain;
"The sinner must be born again"—
O'erwhelmed my troubled mind.

4. The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
But when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again—"
I sunk in deep despair.

5. While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way;
I felt his pity move;
A sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace, I'm born again,
And sing redeeming love!

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